

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## MAROONED.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

#### RESCUED.

THE wind fortunately did not increase when the darkness fell, but the gloom of the night gave so stormy an aspect to the ocean that you would have thought it blew as hard again as it did. I cannot express how dismal was the appearance of the weltering liquid blackness in whose heart our tiny ark laboured, one moment flung to the sight of the stars, the next plunged into the momentary stagnation and midnight of the Atlantic trough, with long dashes of pale foam heaving like great winding-sheets all about us, and the slender moon leaping with a troubled silver face from the rims of the flying clouds, to render the picture ghastly with the cold, death-like complexion of her light. There was to be no couch for Miss Grant at the bottom of the boat. The fabric rode well, and took but very little water over the bows; but the wet came in fast through the showering of the spray off the seas curling into foam ahead of us, and obliged me again and again to bale, though it occupied but a very little while to free us.

My companion sat beside me in the stern sheets, to which place indeed I had transported most of our little cargo of fruit, water, and the like, that the combined weight aft might give the boat's nose a good cock-up for the run of the surge. Happily, though

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it all looked chill as a wintry Channel scene, the wind blew warm, wet as it was; and the water was warm, too, with the first touch of it, though, to be sure, if you let it lie long trickling upon your face the breeze made it frosty. Conversation was out of the question. The roaring of the near seas drowned our voices. To render ourselves audible we had to put our lips to each other's ear, sheltering our mouths even then with the hand against the blast, that would otherwise have clipped our words away as you'd snick the twig from a bough with a pair of shears. I saw that the night was to be a fearfully trying one for us both. My own attention was kept so much on the strain by observing the plunges of the boat, and watching the seas rolling at and past us, that I protest my very soul ached as if it were some physical faculty in me. Our misery, too, was increased by the obligation to keep seated. In calm water, as you have seen, we moved about and eased our cramped limbs by passing to the end of the little craft, or by standing; but now we durst not stir, not only for fear of throwing the boat out of trim, but lest we should be flung overboard by one of her many extravagant leaps.

Thus passed the time. I occupied my mind by considering what we should do on the morrow, if the dawn found us alive and the weather moderated. The one ship we had seen at

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sundown made me hope that others might show next day; but I could not forget that we made but a minute speck on this mighty surface, invisible at a very short distance away, and that our chance of being picked up must lie in a vessel passing close to us.

It was shortly before two in the morning, as I might guess by the passage of the stars, that the wind slackened, shifted into the south west, and hung there a soft and pleasant breeze, with a thinning away of the clouds, a brighter glory of starlight, a more diamond-like edge to the curl of the moon now sailing low, and a spreading out of the sea into a large, round swell, the sleepy cradling of which was like a benediction to the senses after the sharp, snarling curses of the surges which had been racking our bones and bewildering our brains for hours. We sat talking awhile, but my companion's voice was broken by weariness, and presently she made no answer to some question I put, and on looking at her I saw that she had fallen asleep. I supported her as before, but it was not long ere I was nodding too. Her soft and regular respiration was an invitation to slumber; the rhythmic swing of the boat, too, was poppy-like in its influence. My eyelids turned into lead, my chin sunk upon my breast.

I was startled by a voice hailing me. It aroused me from a nightmare, and I woke in a fright. It was daylight, so I must have slept for an hour and a half.

"Boat ahoy!"

I started to the cry that came ringing harsh and loud close aboard, and Miss Grant opened her eyes and sat erect, with an exclamation of astonishment, and a lifting up of the hands as though to fend off some phantasmal object. The sun was just rising, and his first beam like a living lance of light came hurling along the swelling surface of the waters, which brightened out to the stretching of that magic wand of glory into dainty turquoise even as you looked.

"Boat ahoy, I say!"

I turned, and then sprang to my feet with a shout of joy. Close astern of us, within toss of a biscuit, lay a little fore-and-aft schooner, with her canvas shaking to the light south-westerly wind into the very eye of which her jibboom pointed. She was a craft of some twenty-five tons, painted black, sitting low on the water, a beautiful model to the eye, schooner-rigged as I have said, her canvas old and grimy and liberally patched, her masts badly stayed, the standing rigging gray for want of tar. A fellow in a red shirt and a blue cap, like a French smacksman's, leaned with his bare arms upon the rail, staring at us with a face of a dark yellow. Over the fore-castle bulwarks were the heads of four negroes attired in bright colours, and another negro stood at the long slender tiller that swayed in his hand, whilst he gazed at us with his mouth open behind the yellow-faced man. All these details were swept upon my mind with photographic swiftness and fidelity.

I cried out: "For God's sake, take us on board. You shall be handsomely repaid for any trouble we give you. We have out-lived a terrible night, and are in the greatest distress, and must perish if you do not receive us."

"Can yah manage to scull dah boat 'longside, d'yah tink?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried, "oh, yes!"

I whipped out my knife, sprang forward deliriously, dragged at the sea-anchor, hauled it streaming into the boat, severed the ligatures, and seizing a paddle floundered aft with it, and fell to sculling the boat towards the schooner. Once a horrible swooning feeling seized me, and I was forced to pause to rally my senses, on which the yellow man bawled out, "Look out for dis yeevie line," and hove a coil of rope into the boat, which Miss Grant caught, and we were dragged alongside. I thrust my companion's parcel of letters and jewellery into my pocket, and helped her up the side. But the moment we gained the deck the brave

and beautiful girl broke down. She hid her face and sobbed bitterly. Her emotion was tonical as an obligation upon me to bear up, otherwise I believe I should have given way as weakly as any woman, so true it is that sudden joys, like griefs, confound at first. I drew her gently to the side, longing to soothe her with a lover's caress, though I started to the mere fancy of such a thing and half turned from her, for now that we stood upon a vessel's deck again she seemed to slip magically back to the old bearings she had aboard the Iron Crown. It was the mere sensitiveness in my humour then, no doubt, but I felt it as a sudden chill at my heart, that my lovely associate on the island, my patient, tender, heroic companion of the boat, had changed into Miss Aurelia Grant merely, the young lady whom I was escorting to Rio to oblige my cousin, who would marry her on her arrival.

She looked at me through her tears, smiling.

"What would yah like done wid dis yeerie boat, sah?" exclaimed the yellow-faced man.

"Get her aboard, if you please," said I, "or take her in tow, or cast her adrift. She's of no use to us now, thank God."

"Them rugs is yours, I reckon?" said the man.

"Yes," I answered; "I shall be glad to have them. We may need them here."

He took a look at the boat, and then ran his eye along the little schooner's deck in a sort of calculating way, and exclaimed, "Tain't good enough to send de likes of her adrift. Dere's room yeerie, I guess. Hi! Toby, Hebenazer, Jupiter, lay aft, you tree dam niggers, and get dis boat inboards. Daddy, jump for dah luff-tackle; jump, mah Hafrican, and stop scratching your head. Quick an' lively's dah word all roun' now."

He clapped his hands, and fell to cutting several queer capers, as though striving to work himself up into a

state of excitement, perhaps with a notion of putting life into his niggers. Indeed, he was the oddest figure that could be imagined. His nose was that of the negro, and his mouth so twisted, whether by disease or disaster, that the left-hand corner of it was on a line with his right nostril, whilst the rest of it went up into his cheek in the shape of the paring of a fingernail. One eye was larger than the other, the dusk of them indicating African blood. His beauty was further improved by a strange growth of short black hair upon his chin, every fibre as wide apart as the teeth of a comb, and as coarse as the bristles of a hog. There was the negro twang in his voice, and he seemed incapable of speaking without hallooing. He wore, in addition to the cap and shirt I have already named, a pair of dirty duck trousers which ran flowing to his naked yellow feet; but grotesquely ugly as he was—and the more so for the contrast of his twisted, guinea-coloured face betwixt his old blue cap and faded red shirt—he could not have been more beautiful in my sight than had he been one of those dewy, ambrosial, lovely spirits who, in "Paradise Lost," with flaming lances keep the devil at a respectful distance from the sleeping Adam and his wife.

All was now bustle; the negroes walloped about, tumbling into the boat, bawling out like school-boys at play, and making the craft we had vacated splash as though they would capsize her. Amidst the utmost confusion, the little craft's nose was got to the gangway, the block of the luff-tackle hooked on to the ringbolt in the stem, and then all hands came aboard to hoist her in. The fellow at the helm left it to help, and though my emotions just then leaned very little to the side of merriment, I laughed till I was breathless at the contortions of the blacks as they pulled in company with the yellow man, every dusky throat delivering a yell with each drag on its own account; till all at once, just as the bows of the boat

were showing over the side, crack! the fall of the tackle parted, down tumbled the negroes in a heap, with the yellow man on top of them, where they spurred and kicked at one another like a lump of spiders in the bottom of a glass, filling the air with execrations and shouts, whilst they rolled over and over in an inextricable muddle of black faces, cucumber shanks, red, yellow, and white head-gear, and shirts that threatened to become rags in a very little while if the sport went on.

I looked for the boat and found her under water, floating with just the line of her gunwales above the surface, and the rugs, shawls, umbrellas, and the like quietly sinking past her in the blue heave of the swell. The yellow man scrambled out of the twisting group with his cap gone; and now he proved himself uglier than had been at all conjecturable whilst his head was covered, for he was as bald as a turnip down to the semi-circle where his wiry hair bushed out thick as the frill of a Persian cat and as coarse as cocoa-nut fibre. In fact his bald head showed now like the top of an ostrich's egg stuck in the hair of a mattress. He ran to look at the boat, and when he saw she was under water he yelled out, "Yah dingy villains! Look at yah work, yah black piggies!" and in a paroxysm of rage stooped his head and went butt in for the first negro at hand; but Ebenezer, as the black was called, was too sharp for him; he sprang aside, and the yellow man drove head foremost against the single old pump that stood before the mainmast. The blow that he fetched himself would have lasted a white man for a lifetime, but it appeared to cause the fellow no further inconvenience than was to be remedied by a brief spell of rubbing. I was getting tired of all this.

"Better get the block unhooked and let the boat go," said I. "What I want has floated out of her, and there's nothing left in the locker that's worth the saving. Besides, I want to have

a talk with you. You'll lose nothing by shoving ahead."

"Right yah are," he answered. "Jump now, some black debbil, and free de block. Way 'loft, way 'loft, Toby, and bring dot tackle down."

He looked about him for his cap, found it, put it on his head, and came aft to where Miss Grant and I had seated ourselves on some small raised contrivance just abaft the rudder-head.

"What's the name of this schooner?" said I.

"Dah Orphan, sah," he answered.

"Where are you bound to, may I ask?"

"We're out a-wrecking," he answered. Then seeing I did not understand, he added: "Dah Orphan's a wrecking craft dat visits dah islands 'way from Providence down to Inaguey and dah Mona passage, to see what's to be got 'long shore."

I understood him now, for I had heard of such vessels.

"You hail from Nassau, I suppose?"

"Yaa," he said, "dat's my country," inspecting first Miss Grant and then myself with growing curiosity.

"I may take it you're captain here?"

"Dat's so, sah."

"Your name, pray?" said I.

"Capt'n Emilius Jeremiah Ducrow," he answered, drawing himself up, and speaking slowly and emphatically.

"Well, Captain Ducrow," said I, preserving my gravity with an effort that was the harder for the demureness I noticed in Miss Grant's face, "before I tell you our story, let me thank you from the very bottom of my heart—and, of course, I speak for this lady as for myself—for your handsome and timely rescue of us. God knows how it must have been with us both had succour been delayed. I can afford to pay you for any services you may render us, and I simply tell you this, that you may know you and your little ship's company will not be losers by



your complying with any request I may make you."

He kicked out with his heel as he scraped a bow at me, and said: "I see yah a gent. I witness it troo dah accent of yah language. Dere's nebbber no mistakin' a gent. I mix in first-class company ashore myself, and could tell perlite breedin' blindfold by de mere smell of him. Now, den," he roared, suddenly turning and looking forward, "get dat gangway shipped. Tunder and slugs! 'tain't dinner-time yet, yah blooming shark-fishes, and so I tells yah. Lay aft to dis hellum, Moses. Beg a t'ousand pardons, sah," he continued, rounding upon me with another scrape and a kick-up behind, "but niggers is de most excooshatin' people to manage. Dey works 'pon your temper more nor aching teef," saying which he extended his arms, drooping his yellow hands, whilst he turned his head from the direction in which he seemed to point, with his face puckered up into an expression of loathing which the twist of his mouth rendered monstrously ugly and comical.

"Well, now," said I, "I want to tell you our story, but before I begin, I should be glad to know if there's anything to eat aboard this little hooker."

"Oh, yes, sah; dere's eating to be had—middling coarse, jest sailor's eating, sah; not fit for dis lubly lady," bowing low to Miss Grant, "but dah best Capt'n Ducrow can perwide."

"We have not had bite nor sup since last night," said I. "What can you give us?"

"Will yah hab it yeerie or in dah cabin?" he inquired.

"Here," said I, making a shrewd guess at the temperature below.

He called to one of the negroes and told him to put a pot of chocolate upon the fire, then to lay aft with a bit of cold salt beef, ship's biscuits, plates, and the like; "And bear a hand, mah humming-bird," he said, "for 'tain't dinner-time yet, yah know. Now, sah," he continued, addressing

me, assuming a fine air of dignity in his manner, "whilst dah wittles is making ready I shall be glad ob yah story."

I at once went to work and related our adventures, and on coming to an end I asked him if he could give me news of the Iron Crown.

He answered no, he had not heard of the vessel, but that he had learnt about a fortnight ago, though he could not recollect the source whence he had received the intelligence, that a vessel bound to Porto Rico had been spoken, and reported that she had on board four men, whom she had found adrift in an open boat, and that the fellows said they had gone in search of a man and lost their ship in thick weather; "And I believe, sah," said Captain Ducrow, "dat dah name of dah wessel dey gave was dah Iron Crown; but I won't swear to it, for I ain't got no memory worf speaking of, 'cept for poetry."

Here he sent a languishing look at Miss Grant.

"For poetry!" I rapped out. "Do you know," I exclaimed, turning to my companion, "that this looks uncommonly like as though poor old Gordon and his men had been picked up."

"I hope so," she answered; "and it seems so indeed. It will diminish by so much the horror of our memories of the ship. And four men too, Mr. Musgrave! That must mean that the poor cabin-boy was recovered."

"Pray, captain," said I, "which is the nearest port hereabouts; some civilized place of houses and ships, I mean, where we may be able to put ourselves in the way of getting to Rio?"

He looked steadfastly around the horizon as though seeking for information on the gleaming sea-line, and then gazing at me with one eye shut full of thought, he exclaimed, "Dere'll be nuffen nearer than Nassoo."

"And how far off will that be?" said I—"in the shape of time, I mean."

"Well, maybe a week, maybe a month. Dere's no predicating ob de winds. Perhaps yah know dem bootiful lines, miss—

Sometimes dah gale blow high,  
Ho! an' sometimes dah breeze blow small;  
Sometimes it breeves in a sigh,  
An' sometimes it blows in a squall.

But ho, my lub, and my lub! Most often when I pants to get at yah, down yeerie it don't blow at all!

"You didn't happen to know dem verses p'r'aps, miss?"

Miss Grant answered no, smiling.

"Waal, I ask 'cause dey're mine. When sung to dah accompaniment—"

"Beg your pardon, Captain Ducrow," said I, breaking in here, "but I want to settle some plan with you, for we're in a great hurry to get to Rio, and if you'll help us to arrive there you shall do so on your own terms. What do you advise now?"

This reference to his judgment flattered him. He drew himself up, folded his arms, and cocked his eye thoughtfully at the sky, with the air of a man who recognizes his opportunity, and means to make the most of it.

"Tell yah what," he suddenly exclaimed, "take mah advice, and let me bowl yah to Havanna. Dere's breezes to be trusted off de Bahama Bank."

"All right," said I. "Havanna will suit very well. And now to square the matter off whilst we're upon it—what about the passage-money?"

Again he struck an attitude with another squint aloft, then fell to counting upon his fingers, as it were, whilst his lips moved. He uttered a few disconnected syllables. "De grub—lost time yeerie—nuffen p'r'aps 'long shore arter all;" then bringing his eyes to me, and staring a little without speaking, he exclaimed, "Say fifty dollar apiece?"

"You shall have it," said I, pulling out my pocket-book, and giving him

a sight of some Bank of England notes in it.

The negro now came along, bearing the meal that had been ordered. A small carpenter's bench was brought from forward, a piece of sailcloth spread over it, and Miss Grant and I fell to. The beef proved a piece of corned buffalo hump, and, speaking for myself, it ate with extraordinary relish after our three weeks of turtle and crawfish. Even out of the flinty biscuit I could get enjoyment, whilst the chocolate was as well made and as handsomely frothed as any I ever tasted ashore. Captain Ducrow stood by us whilst we breakfasted. I asked him to join us; but he said his own breakfast of tea, biscuit, and molasses would be coming along shortly, and he'd rather wait. I then asked him if he could tell me the name and situation of the island we had been marooned upon.

"Waal," says he, "I've been t'inking hard 'pon dat berry question whilst yah've been feeding, but what island it can be passes my apprehenshun, sah. 'Tain't Watling, dat's sartin; 'tain't Rum nor Samana. Your resemblance ain't nuffin like him. 'Tain't Guianey, nor Planas, nor Cockus" (Caicos, I presume). He added, with an air of desperation, "De debbil only knows what island it is."

I was nearly telling him that we had left the most of our traps behind us, but on reflection I thought it was best to say nothing about that. Wherever the island might be, it now certainly lay out of our course. Time must be spent in seeking and making it, and time grew doubly precious when I cast my eye at the little companion-hatch, and reflected upon the sort of accommodation that awaited us below, and how for that, if for no other reason, we could not be in too great a hurry to end this trip. Our baggage would of course have been serviceable to us, but its recovery was not worth the delay of a deviation. And then, again, I believe the mere notion of going to that island afresh, lying off

it, having it in view along with all its melancholy associations of hopelessness and privations, would have grievously depressed Miss Grant, as it must certainly have affected me, even into a superstitious dread that the mere loom of it above the sea-line would prove prophetic of further disasters to us.

When we had finished breakfast I asked Captain Ducrow what sort of accommodation he could furnish the lady with below.

"I can't praise him, I can't praise him," he answered, with a solemn shake of his head, to which the swinging of the tassel of his cap imparted additional emphasis; "but yah shall see him for yourself, sah;" with which he led the way to the companion, and down the three of us went. The small skylight lay open, but it was a stifling little cabin for all that, about the size of a North Sea smack's, with a tiny room bulkheaded out of it, to which Captain Ducrow pointed, exclaiming, "Dat's where I lies, sah; but it is dah duty of ebery gent to make room for dah ladies"—here he scraped another convulsive bow at Miss Grant—"and if you will hab dah grace, ma'm, to hoccupy him till we gets to Havanna, he'll be all de sweeter for me to use again. Dat's it, I reckon, and so, mam'selle, he is werry moosh at your sarvice."

"Ah, captain," said I, "I see now what a fine poet you are. Upon my word, Miss Grant, there's no finished courtier could have turned a neater speech."

The fellow grinned so exceedingly with his twisted mouth, that you would have thought the emotion of delight must have ended in the wringing of one side of his face clean off the other.

"It all comes ob mixing in fust-class company," he said, in a voice whose natural negro huskiness was thickened yet more by excess of gratification. "'Tain't all nature in this yeevie yearth. Nebber knew a rale genteel man as didn't git his polishing from dah elbows

of dah fust-class crowd he shoves in 'mongst. Yah may take it for dah Lord's truff, sah—"

I interrupted him. "Any cock roaches here, Captain Ducrow?"

"Waal, yaas; more'n one family, I'se afeered."

"Nothing worse, I hope?"

"Nebber's nuffin worse where dere's cockroaches," he said; "dah cockroach eats up what's worse."

"It's a pity," said I to Miss Grant, "that your hammock went overboard. We could have made shift to swing it in this bit of a room. However, you'll want a place to sleep in, and we can't do better than accept Captain Ducrow's kind offer."

So it was arranged that the skipper should clear out his traps, leaving the bunk bare for the reception of a square of sailcloth, which, with a roll of the same stuff for a pillow, would provide my companion with a clean couch at all events. As for myself, I told Ducrow that one of his lockers in the cabin would supply me with as good a bed as I needed. On my asking him where he meant to sleep, he pointed to a hole in the cabin bulkhead forward, which I found to be a sort of bunk-place like to the orifices in which the hardy smacksmen aboard a certain type of vessels stretch their weary, sea-booted limbs when they turn in. This being settled, we returned on deck, glad to escape from the stifling little cabin.

The hours slipped by, the blue swell came running out of the south-west, with the fresh but burning breeze flashing off the heads of the brimming brine into our patched and grimy spread of cloths, under whose pressure the schooner swept along with the subtlety of the shark, and with such a whipping of her ill-stayed spars to every jump as made one look at times to see them go overboard. They rigged up a sort of awning for us, and under it Miss Grant and I sat throughout the greater part of the day, talking much of the perils we had come through, of our happy deliverance, of

the honest prospect that had now fairly opened upon us of our arriving safely at Rio, at no very distant date either; with frequent interruptions from Captain Ducrow, who would entertain us with twenty odd remarks, with accounts of his wrecking experiences, with inquiries into our story, with several poetical quotations, all of his own manufacture as he protested, sometimes quitting his lofty air to let fly at one of his negro seamen, or even to chase him.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## ABOARD THE ORPHAN.

OUR little schooner was named the Orphan. She had indeed a forlorn and melancholy look strongly suggestive of friendlessness, with a dampness besides, owing to her being repeatedly pumped out, that gave her a tearful appearance. Her beautiful lines would have made me imagine that she had been a yacht in her day but for the homeliness of her fittings. She leaked considerably, and the negro who acted as mate aboard her told me her timber was so rotten forward that you could dig cubes of dry rot out of the knees and carlings as easily as you cut a cheese. Her aspect of decayed gentility was quite moving in its way. You witnessed the good blood in her, which perhaps rendered her uncared-for condition the more affecting. But she was an orphan that did not keep her woes to herself. There was not a tree-nail in her but complained, not a fastening nor bulkhead but mingled its groans with the lamentations which broke out from all parts of the little fabric. The very creak of the rudder had the note of the sniff of a sobbing man; and then, as one or another of the blacks was repeatedly addressing himself to the gaunt old brake-pump in front of the mainmast, there was constantly a choking sound of water in the air, with garglings of the bright stream as it sluiced into the sea through the little holes in the scuppers, which

was perhaps the one and final condition needful to render the lachrymose air of this ill-clothed, sun-blistered, neglected, sieve-like Orphan completely effective. Whether such craft are still afloat at the work to which this vessel was put, I do not know. Perhaps the West Indian wrecking-business is already an old-world story, but in my time a whole fleet of small craft, sloops, cutters, schooners, and the like, were employed in the trade; that is to say, in hunting the many islands in these waters for wrecks of vessels, and for such commodities as might have been washed ashore out of them.

Havanna, according to Captain Ducrow, was within eight or nine days' sail of us. The outlook of the run, if a run it was to prove, was not a thing to trouble either Miss Grant or myself at the first blush, coming as we did fresh to this little schooner from the horrors and perils of an open boat at sea and from three weeks of hopelessness in an island prison. But it does not take long for the novelty of rescue to wear out. Before darkness closed upon that first day of our deliverance we had ceased to marvel at our happy escape. We had grown used to thinking of it, and though gratitude was always in our thoughts, there was no longer the first passionate delight and astonishment rising at moments to incredulity.

Hence when the evening settled down hot as iron that has blackened out of its white heat, along with a fining down of the breeze to a mere sighing of air that threatened a dead calm anon, our conversation naturally went to the prospect before us, of the passage in this stifling, leaky, ill-provisioned little schooner to Havanna, that yet lay some hundreds of miles distant. The small awning had been removed; the dark velvet of the heavens showed from sea-line to sea-line fiery with stars; the moon's reflection lay brightly upon the sea. The heavy swell of the morning had flattened; but there was a light movement yet to

which the schooner kept time with her whip-like spars, every sail swinging in and out regularly, with draughts of dewy air scurrying cool to one's heated brows from these fannings. A negro stood at the helm, and when the stern of the schooner drooped to a hollow, the ebony figure melted out of sight into the blackness of the water beyond, though with the rise of this end of the craft he would stand out again in a sharp limning against the silver light. Captain Ducrow had gone below to lie down, and we could hear him snoring in the cabin, a sound as persuasive as the heat to detain us on deck. The negro mate paced the gangway with naked feet, soundless as the foot-falls of a cat, with an occasional halt to squirt a stream of tobacco-juice over the side. At intervals a black figure would come oozing out, as it were, from the deep shadow forward to the pump, the clank, clank of which was now a familiar sound in our ears, though I recognized it as a threat to our repose when we should come to stretch ourselves for a little rest; and you saw the fiery water creeping, dilating, fading upon the deck like sheets of wriggling glowworms, with sometimes a faint flash of the sea-glow upon the swell of the jib, rounding to the roll of the little craft when some sudden brimming of the swell broke into light against the bows.

"I'm afraid," said I, "that this part of our experiences will be pretty nearly as tedious as our island life."

"But we are safe," she answered.

"I hope so," said I, "though I could wish there was less need for pumping. But I fear you will be horribly uncomfortable."

"Oh, but after last night, Mr. Musgrave!" she exclaimed, in a way as though she would tenderly rebuke me for the little show of irritation and despondency in my manner just now, quite perceptible to myself, though I would or could not cope with it. "You must not think of me at all—of my comfort, I mean," she added, and then stopped suddenly, as though she won-

dered at her own expression, immediately saying however: "The hardship now is very trifling compared to what we have endured."

"That's so, indeed," I exclaimed, "but I shall be glad to exchange this existence all the same. Buffalo beef and flinty biscuit are not a fare upon which you can long thrive; and then what a bedroom that is down stairs! I dread the moment of your going to it. Yet it is absolutely necessary that you should sleep under deck; for observe how dark these planks are already with dew."

"You will take more cheerful views to-morrow," she exclaimed, "you have suffered much in mind and body, and for your sake, not for mine, indeed, I could wish the cabin a pleasant, airy one, that you might be sure of a good long night's rest. Sleep is what you need."

"I am thinking," said I, waiving this point, and continuing to speak with a little irritation in me, due, as I should have known by giving the thing a thought, to my fancy of her changed attitude towards me, along with the peevish, secret, jealous dislike of the obligation of conveying her to my cousin, of losing her then, of quitting her, consumed by a passion which I was young enough to imagine neither time nor distance could possibly cool,—"I am thinking," said I, "that if we were to come across a good, comfortable, roomy craft, it would be as well for us to tranship ourselves without regard to her destination."

"I will do whatever you wish," she said simply.

"Only," said I, "suppose she should be bound to a European port?"

She seemed to be sunk in reflection.

"It would be rather a blow perhaps," I continued, feeling a bit cynical as I progressed in this talk, "to be borne off to England or to France or to Spain even, or say North America—"

She interrupted me: "The ship might be going the other way; she might be sailing to the East Indies perhaps, or to Australia."

"Oh," cried I, with a short laugh, "in that case then of course we should stop where we are. But suppose the vessel bound to Europe, would you be willing to go on board her?"

"If it were your wish—yes."

"But, Miss Grant, so grave a matter must not lie altogether upon my shoulders. Remember your sailing to Europe again would greatly prolong the term of your divorce from your sweetheart."

I could see her smiling softly in the moonlight, though she hung her head. "We may not sight a ship," said she presently.

"But if we do," said I, "shall we leave this crazy old hooker for her?"

"Yes," she exclaimed.

"Without regard," I said, striving to steady my voice, though my heart just gave a leap that was like to choke me, "to the port she is bound to?"

"Oh, yes," she responded, with a note of archness in her voice; "the captain would not alter his course to oblige us, you know."

"It would only signify a little further delay," said I, "with the comforts of civilization between, and that's what we both want now. Of course on our arrival, be the place the Tagus or the Thames, be it Boston or Marseilles, I should immediately go to work to equip ourselves afresh for a second, and I hope a successful voyage to Rio."

"You are very kind," she answered, a little above her breath, whilst I could see her biting her lip to suppress another smile.

Late as it was, and wearied as I was when I saw her to her miserable little hole of a berth, I yet paced the deck for above an hour afterwards in as odd, unreasonable a temper as ever possessed me, full of the agitation of fifty wild thoughts all rolling one to another in as lively a play as ever the sea showed off a harbour, with the water shoaling in spouts to the sweep of the wind one way, and a current seething into it the other. The fact was, a resolution to keep Miss Grant

by my side, no matter what the name of the stars might be which looked down upon us, had been growing and hardening in me, till I whipped out with it in the suggestion that it would be good for us both to tranship ourselves at the first opportunity that offered, no matter where the vessel we entered might be bound. I should have guessed from her manner all day that such a proposal must have instantly won an eager, anxious *No!* from her—instead of which she had promptly assented, saying without hesitation that she would do as I wished; and she had made nothing at all, as you have seen, of my remark touching the destination of the ship—we might exchange the schooner for. This was a sort of acquiescence, let me tell you, to excite me not a little, when I came to turn it over during my solitary march to and fro the lightly swaying deck, specially when I coupled it with what I seemed to find in the memory of her downcast eyes, her quiet smiles, and a something more significant than either in her way, to use the old phrase, though I could not give it a name.

This, to hark back to the image I have just employed, was the intellectual gale that set my thoughts running in surges one way; and all would have been an easy rhythmic motion with me, but for the strong adverse tide of fancy which came washing into the run of feeling with consideration of my cousin's claims upon me, my honour as a gentleman, my duty as a man. Heaven save me!—in my temper I could have struck my foot clean through the deck. I wanted her. I felt that I had a higher right to her than ever my cousin could advance; and yet the thought of the poor fellow stuck in my throat, and I grew so mad with the bother of the whole thing, that I'd gladly have given the darky who stood at the helm half a sovereign for liberty to kick him fore-and-aft until I was tired. After all, thought I, it is for Miss Grant to decide—*she* must settle it. If she persists in making for Rio



—if, in short, she'll have none of me, though mightily obliged and all that sort of thing—and here my mood grew so outrageous that it was an exquisite relief to me to see Ducrow's face, sallow even to the starlight, fork up through the companion with a "Hallo, sah. Keepin' mighty late hours, ain't yah?"

"Oh, go to the deuce!" I cried. "Look here, man, hark to *that* now, bad luck to you!" and as I spoke, the clank of the old brake-pump recommenced for the fiftieth time, it seemed to me, that night. "What's the good of going to sea in an old basket?" I shouted. "Why, damme, Ducrow, don't you know that a dollar's worth of oakum is all that's needed to keep your abominable old pump from disturbing the sleep of the green seamen who lie in shoals here under your keel as you jog along in this weeping bucket?"

He stood staring at me from the companion, as though he thought I had gone mad, and small blame to him for that; then approaching me cautiously, he exclaimed:

"Berry good job, sah, I'm a man of perlite feelings, odderwise I might tumble into a passion, and say some'ting to wound yah sensashuns."

"What d'ye mean?" I cried, hoping he would fall into a passion, as I felt the need of the relief of a row.

"Sah," he exclaimed, drawing himself erect, "a man what keeps de select company I comingles wid ashore am slow in shocking dah feelings ob folks. But what I should like to say am—mind I don't say it—I merely intends dat what I should like to say am, if yah ain't satisfied wid dis little hooker, I'm werry mosh sorry indeed yah ebber came aboard her. Pump!" continued the poor fellow in a broken voice as though he must presently weep, "whar's dah wessel what don't pump? Whar's dah man-ob-war sloop dat don't pump? Whar's dah Indiemans as glorious as sunlight wid gilt and windows wot don't pump? Whar," he continued, raising his voice, "is de noblest frigate

ob dah King of Yengland wot don't pump? Whar—" and this he delivered in a shriek—"is dah magnificentest line-ob-battle ship wot was yebber launched wot don't pump?"

He plucked his cap from his head and flung it on deck, grasped the bush of hair over either ear with his hands as though he intended to tear out by the roots what Nature had left him in that way, and then, swaying to and fro in the moonlight like a drunken man, he exclaimed in a blubbery voice, "An' you specks dah poor little Orphan to keep dah seas widout pumping!"

Tush! thought I, I'm acting like a fool; and moved by the way in which the poor creature had received my insulting language, I strode over to him and clapped him on the back. "It's all right," said I; "I don't feel very well to-night. Pump away as briskly as you please, my lad, I'll not complain again. I have come through some infernal adventures, Captain Ducrow, and though I sneer at your little craft in my ill-temper, I am grateful to Heaven for the privilege of feeling her under my feet."

He unclinchd his dingy fingers out of his hair and let his arms droop slowly, whilst he looked at me with his head on one side, with a slow twisting up of his eye that was in inimitable correspondence with the absurd cast of his mouth.

"I see how it am, sah," he exclaimed; "yah feels a bit low."

"Worn out without being sleepy," said I.

"Sorter hankering to be soothed, perhaps!"

"Yes," I answered, "but your cock-roaches won't help me there."

"Tell yah what will though," said he.

"What?" I asked.

"A little poetry," he answered. "If yah'll sit down I'll gib yah as pretty a half-hour ob sentiment as ebber yah could buy for hard money in dis yeeerie airth."

"Much obliged," I answered. "Since

I've been talking to you I've grown a bit sleepy. After all, that pump may be more soothing as you call it than I had supposed. Can you find me anything to serve as a pillow?"

He picked up his cap reflectively and presently said, "I hab it," and stepping to a raised contrivance abaft the rudder-head, he produced an ensign rolled up. "Dere," said he, "dere's dah British colours to lie on. I'll warrant it agin all dreaming, unless it be a wision ob de Income Tax."

I took the roll of bunting, and wishing him good-night went below, and stretched myself upon a locker. A slush lamp swung from a blackened beam. It looked like a coffee-pot with the spout vomiting forth a lump of wick burning in a dim flame that blackened into a line of smoke, which went writhing and quivering to the upper deck, whence, spreading, it loaded the atmosphere of this interior with the flavour of hot fat. The beams were lined with cockroaches, wriggling and heaving in dusky lengths, with a frequent skirr of one of the abominable creatures swinging past my ear or dropping upon my face. It was roastingly hot, and I feared to find Miss Grant suffocated in the morning, if indeed the sun should find me still alive after such a course of air as I was now booked to breathe. But miserable as it was below I durst not lie on deck. The dew was like rain, and the light breeze was wet with it. Further exposure moreover, following on the top of what we had already suffered in the boat, would have been sheer madness, seeing that we had managed to come off with our health, which might receive lasting injury from another night spent unsheltered in the warm, moist, fever-breeding atmosphere of these parallels.

I had thought the Iron Crown as noisy a ship as was ever built; but compared with the creaking of this schooner, as she rose buoyant to the dark heave of the swell, floating down into the hollow for another slide upwards, the straining sounds inside the

brig were as the soft singing of a woman to the clatter of a watchman's rattle. But I was dog-tired, as they say at sea, and my cheek could not have pressed the ensign ten minutes before I was sound asleep.

It was a night's rest to refresh me, and though, when I woke up and rolled off the locker, my back ached from the hardness of my couch, I felt a new man, hearty, hungry, and even cheerful. But it was sickening to go on deck and find a dead calm, the sea molten glass, scarce stirred by a delicate undulation, the sun an intolerable flame of fire four hours high, with the heavens half full of his white dazzle, and the rest of it hot, silver azure, down to the edge of the water. In the far east was a dot of light—a sail; and some four points past it to starboard a streak of greenish colour swimming a finger's-width above the horizon, and winding like a small sea-snake in the hot air. It was some Cay, the name of which I have forgotten. There was nothing beside it and the sail in sight, not a pinion of cloud to give us hope of so much as a catspaw.

Miss Grant was on deck when I arrived there. She had slept—not very well she told me; but she had managed to obtain rest enough to refresh her in spite of the oven-like sultriness in which she lay. She was awake when the day broke, and rose soon after the light had filled the cabin.

"You were sleeping heavily as I passed," she said, "and in spite of being covered with cockroaches."

"Would you think me querulous and ill-tempered now," said I, looking at her, "after such a night as we have passed, for advising our transhipment at the earliest possible opportunity?"

"Did I not say, Mr. Musgrave," she answered, with a demureness that was full of archness, "that I am willing to do exactly as you please?"

I sent a glance deep into her eyes, but the riddle went the whole length

of my sight and beyond it. Does she guess that I love her? I thought; and can I suppose that she is even a little bit fond of me—in the right sort of way, I mean? But here Ducrow stumped up to ask us where we would breakfast.

Our first day in the open boat had been a dead calm, as you know, but this was deadlier yet as it seemed to me, perhaps because of my impatience, that would grow to a torment when hour after hour passed and the spot of light that signified the sail still hung stirless in the same quarter, with the streak of green past it flickering like a blowing pennon on top of the white gleam that trembled betwixt the blue of the sea and the blue of the sky, and never a shadow of air from sunrise to sundown to dye a fathom's space of the fiery, breathless surface. There was no comfort to be got out of the schooner at all, saving the news that there was plenty of fresh water aboard. The pump clanked steadily at regular periods throughout the long hours. Now and again would come a brief bit of diversion in the shape of a quarrel between two negroes, and in Captain Ducrow's airs and talk there was much to laugh at; but the calm was in all things and over all things, flattening down the spirits to its own monotonous level, with the heat so great besides that it prohibited one the ease of venting one's self by eager exercise; though again and again I'd half start from my seat with a longing of my temper to exhale itself in a spell of swift, passionate pacing from the taffrail to as far forward as I could have got. On the other hand, Miss Grant was reserved, quiet, thoughtful; always gentle and kind; welcoming my lightest speech with a smile; humouring my little fits of petulance, and making the best of our situation by recurrence to the misery from which we had been delivered. But her gaze no longer met mine with the old brilliant, intrepid steadfastness. There was, methought, a suggestion of coyness about it that showed some-

what oddly when I contrasted it with the dignified sweetness and fearless candour of her earlier bearing. It chilled her manner, to my fancy, as something foreign to her nature, and complicated the riddle for me yet, for there were times when a look from her, a gesture, a smile, would convey notions that set my heart off at a rapid trot; and then the surface would thinly ice again, and leave me as bewildered as a man who struggles to hunt out another's meaning in a book the pages of which have been wrongly stitched.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

## WE QUIT THE ORPHAN.

WELL, we had three days of this sort of thing—three days and three nights of it; and then on the morning of the fourth a breeze of wind darkened and roughened the western ocean, and presently the little schooner was again under way, off her course by some three and a-half points, but sweeping through it gaily nevertheless, showing herself as rejoiced at her release as if a human heart beat in her. Ducrow slapped his legs and urged her on, bursting into thick laughter at times in his glee, and pointing with a yell of applause to the sparking out of the flying-fish, as though, like an overgrown child, he tasted a kind of victory in the flight of the beautiful little creatures from the winged, buoyant, floating rushes of his leaking, trembling, worn-out old Orphan.

I had not said a word to him about our intention of leaving his schooner if a chance came, but I thought I would do so now.

"Captain Ducrow!" I sung out.

"Hillo, sah!" he answered from the rail, where he was standing with his arm round a backstay, watching with a grin the flash of his little ship through the small ridges which whitened into cream along the dirty green of the vessel's sheathing.

"Step this way, will you?" said I.

He sprang to the deck and approached.

"We want you to speak the first vessel we meet," said I, pointing. "In a word, we wish you to stop her so that we can go aboard of her, as we find your accommodation scarcely all that we require, at least under these burning heights; otherwise, we're both of us quite in love with your charming little vessel, whilst we highly value you for your good breeding, and thank you excessively for the attention you have paid us."

This bit of troweling I deemed necessary that the rest might be easy, but his surprise mastered his gratification, and with a sort of grin in his twisted mouth, whilst his eyes on the other hand stared their amazement, he cried: "Yah want to leave dah Orphan, hein? 'commodation not good? But I know dah reason. De calm's disgusted yah. Yah was werry mosh satisfied afore de wind fell."

"Come, captain," said I, "it shall be all the same to you. See here!" I pulled out my pocket-book and produced a bank-note for twenty pounds. "There," said I, slapping it, "place us aboard the first craft we meet, and this is yours. Of course, if she's bound to some outlandish place we sha'n't quit you; but put us within hailing distance, will you—signal to speak her; and if she will receive us, and her destination be some port convenient to ourselves, you shall have this money the same as though you had landed us at Havanna."

He eyed the note greedily as I folded it up and returned it to the pocket-book, following that too till it was hidden, and then said: "All right, sah. Yah 'll miss de Orphan—dere's nuffen afloat—but den ob course if dah lady hain't comfortable—" He suddenly roared out, "Tail on to dah trout halliards, mah sweet and pleasant livelies; gib dah Orphan a chance, boys. Look at dah set ob dat sail. Whar's de gal whose gwine to dance wid de heel ob her boot wore down?" saying which he flung himself excitedly

upon the tackle in question, roaring out in thick negro accents:

Wah're dah dandy ship an' dah dandy crew.

(Chorus of black throats pulling behind him)

Hi, sah! ho, sah! slap 'im up cheearly!

We am dah boys who's dah lady's only joys,

(Chorus of black throats pulling)

An' dah gals dey lub us dearhly.

(Full chorus)

An' it's yo hi ho! dah breeze him do blow, An' dah tack will come taut wid dah jigger!

An' dah ship she roll along

To as lubly a song

As was ebber sweetly sung by a nigger.

The chance we looked for was presently to come, though we had to wait for it a little while longer. It was the morning of the sixth day of our rescue from the perils of the open boat. All night long the weather had been breathless, but with the rising of the sun there had come a small breeze of wind, a little to the eastward of south, which as the morning advanced freshened, and the schooner was sliding through it once again, heading saucily along her course, with Ducrow strutting the decks in high spirits, a couple of negroes repairing a sail forward, another at the tiller, a fourth perspiring at the old pump.

Suddenly Ducrow bawled out, "Sail oh!" pointing ahead.

I looked languidly in the direction he indicated, not rising even, so sick was I of this cry of "sail oh!" heretofore as barren to my purpose as a parrot's meaningless croak of the words. I was conversing with Miss Grant at the time, and turned to her afresh, proceeding in what I was saying without giving the vessel ahead another thought. Time passed; presently Ducrow said, "Dat fellow's a big 'un what's coming 'long dah. We mustn't hab de go-by given us if it's to be helped, sah. Must make fuss, odderwise there's no chance ob getting

compassionated." So saying, he went to the little locker, took out the ensign, and bent it, Jack down, to the halliards, and ran it half-mast high, belaying it slackly that it might blow out with a good visible curve. This done, he bawled to his men to shorten sail.

"Down jib, mah blackbirds! down wid both tawpsails! jump, mah blacks, jump! Hurrah now fo' de ship. Up maintack, let go mainpeak-halliards. Now den, Hebenezer, you black teef, down hellum, and trow us right up into de wind—up into de wind—up into de wind, I says," walloping about in a most extraordinary manner as he bawled these orders, and springing from the deck on his naked feet as though the planks were too hot—and well they might be!—to suffer him to stand upon them. Thus all in a moment, so to say, the little schooner was brought to a halt; her mainsail "scandalized," her masts half denuded of canvas, her bowsprit pointing to the wind, the few cloths she showed shivering to the breeze with such a symbol of human distress flying aloft as richly coloured and most admirably rounded off the picture of misery which the posture of the vessel now submitted.

The stranger was heading dead for us, as though she must run us down indeed, so immediately were we lying athwart her hawse. She came steadily along with her yards braced forward, a vessel apparently of six hundred tons, painted black, standing high out of water, a foretopmast-stunsail set, her royal yards close to the trucks, with a glimpse to be had of large black tops under the curve of her topsails. I went with Miss Grant to the side to watch the stranger. My heart beat fast with expectation, yet I struggled hard with my impulse of hope, dreading in the mood I then was the effect of a disappointment. Suddenly the vessel took in her foretopmast-stunsail, then a spot of colour floated aloft past the shining round of her courses to the gaff end. It blew out, and I muttered just above my breath,

"Thank God!" as I recognized the English flag.

"He means to speak us, at all events," I cried. "Pray Heaven he will show mercy, and take us off this schooner. Why, if he were bound on a search for the Nor'-West passage I'd go with him."

"I dare say," Miss Grant exclaimed, in a musing sort of way, "that the captain of that ship will wonder at our wish to leave the schooner when we are within a week's sail of Havanna."

"Yes," said I, looking at her, whilst she kept her face averted by continuing to gaze at the approaching vessel; "but we are not bound to Havanna, you know. Rio is the place we started for; and besides, are we within a week's sail of Havanna? Perhaps to-morrow may introduce a succession of calms that shall last a month, during all which time we are to lie here in this bescorched schooner, with our lovely countenances slowly roasting into a rich brown under yonder heavenly furnace! Eh, Miss Grant? Never mind about that skipper there wondering! Better Van Diemen's Land in a ship like yon, as they'd say in the north, than Havanna with Rio close on its heels in this little frying-pan."

She turned just to glance at me, with a gleam like a smile in the look she shot through the dark fringes that drooped again as she resumed her attitude of watching the coming ship. 'Twas not often that I got a view of her mind; but by her manner then, it seemed to me it was her intention to let me know she had obtained a very accurate sight of mine. Be it so, thought I; but if that craft there will receive us, we'll board her all the same.

She was a handsome picture as she drew close, becalming the blue under her lee into a tremorless mirror, in which the reflection of her swelling canvas sank in cream, but lustrous as silver. She had so keen a stem that she clove the rippling surface with

scarce the disturbance of a flash of froth in the wrinkles which broke from her bows, and which went away astern of her in lines of light when her shadow was off them and they streamed fair to the sun. She was heading as if to run us down, but on a sudden her main-topsail was braced aback, with a falling off of her head that gave us a view of her decks, with two white quarter-boats swinging at the weather davits; a couple of men standing at the poop-rail clothed in white, with broad straw hats; beyond them the flutter of woman's apparel, as I thought; several sailors on the top-gallant-forecastle, their whole shapes plain through the low open rail that protected this part of the craft. As she came floating alongside within easy talking distance, she seemed to tower above us like a line-of-battle ship. One of the two men dressed in white approached the mizzen-rigging to hail us. I now saw a woman standing near the skylight, and at that moment another woman came up through the little companion-hatch and joined her.

Ducrow sprang upon the bulwarks, and pulling off his cap he wildly flourished it, whilst he vociferated, "Ho, dah ship ahoy!"

"Hallo!" answered the man standing at the mizzen-rigging.

"What ship am dat?" bawled Ducrow, but with a fine air of importance in his manner, as though this were a ceremony to yield him dignity, and therefore to be made as much of as possible. I secretly bestowed a sea-blessing or two upon his bald head in my impatience; but it would not do to interrupt him.

"The Bristol Trader," came back the answer, "of and for Bristol from Havanna, five days out. And what schooner's that?"

"Dah Orphan ob Nassoo, bound to Havanna, but percastinated by calms and head-winds. We hab somet'ing pertikler to communicate, and will send a boat."

"Ay," cried the other, "but can't

you tell us what's the matter with you without sending a boat? You have your ensign Jack down; what is wrong? Bear a hand, for time's precious."

On hearing this, and fearing that Ducrow would muddle this opportunity away for us with his negro dandyfications and fine airs and words, I sprang on to the rail beside him, and with a thrust of my elbow tumbled him in-board.

"Ship ahoy!" I shouted.

"Hallo!"

"The case is this. This lady," pointing to Miss Grant, "and myself sailed as passengers from the Downs in June last aboard the brig Iron Crown. There was a mutiny. The mate was killed, the captain disappeared, and the brig was headed for Cuba. One of the Bahama Cays was made, and this lady and I were marooned on it. A boat came ashore, we left the island in her, and were picked up by this schooner, and we desire to exchange her for your ship, if you will receive us as passengers."

The man in white flourished his hand. "Come aboard," he exclaimed; "I dare say we can arrange."

"Over wid dah boat, over wid dah boat, mah darkies," screamed Ducrow. "Hurrah now, bullies, no stopping now to shave, if yah please; 'taint dinner-time yet, so no loafing."

The schooner carried a boat on chocks amidships; as leaky, sun-blistered, paint-denuded a fabric as the mother whose child she was. The gangway was unshipped, the three negroes and Ducrow yelling and bawling all together, and stamping with their naked feet till the thrashing of the decks sounded like twenty or thirty people clapping their hands, ran the boat to the gangway, and launched her smack-fashion. The excitement of one negro however carried him overboard with her. He fell plump, but his black head instantly shot up alongside like a sweep's brush out of a chimney-pot, and in a trice he was in the boat, combing the wet out of his



breeches and grinning into Ducrow's face, who shook his fist at him as "dah clumsiest son ob a hog wid a sow for a grandmudder as was ebber to be met 'pon dah high seas."

A second negro then jumped into the boat, into which the water was beginning to drain in twenty places, so that I saw if we did not bear a hand we should be awash before we had half measured the distance between the schooner and the ship. The negroes threw the oars over, and splashed me alongside the Bristol Trader as though rowing for a wager, with a dollar for the man who should catch the most crabs. I sprang into the mainchains, and in a minute stood upon the ship's poop.

The captain, as the man who had hailed us proved to be, was an intelligent-looking, weather-darkened, iron-haired fellow of some forty-five years, thin, smooth-faced, with a gray, seawardly eye, kind in its expression. I raised my hat, he did the same. I repeated my story, now relating it circumstantially. The two women drew near as I talked, and he interrupted me once to introduce me to one of them as his wife, to the other as a friend of hers who was going home in his ship as a passenger. My romantic story seemed quite to the taste of these ladies, who frequently broke out into exclamations of astonishment, whilst they sent glances full of curiosity at Miss Grant, who had withdrawn to the shelter of the awning on the schooner's quarter-deck, and sat there watching us, too far off for her beauty to be evident, though one might have guessed her charms even at that distance by the delicate light of her face under her broad hat.

"But you were bound to Rio," said the captain.

"Yes," I answered.

"You may easily get to Rio from Havanna," he continued. "That schooner should carry you to Havanna in a week. It seems a pity to travel all the way home again, when your port is comparatively at hand. We

could provision you, too, with a few articles to render the run more tolerable."

"No," said I warmly, "there is nothing in food and drink to render that schooner tolerable. Her cabin creeps with cockroaches, the atmosphere can scarce be breathed for the heat and smell of it. The lady and I have talked the matter over, and we are earnest in our wish to return to England. Why, see here, sir; you'll be able to land us at Bristol before we could hope to reach Rio, even suppose yonder schooner should convey us to Havanna in a week's time, which I gravely question when I recall the spells of weather which have nearly murdered us. Of course," I went on, seeing him look a bit reflective, "we should ask you to receive us as passengers, that is to say, as people who will be glad to defray all charges for accommodating us."

"Oh," he said, in a tone of indifference, "that matter can be hereafter settled. As a mere question of humanity it would be my duty to receive you. You have no luggage, you say?"

"None."

"Well, sir, the lady can come along at once." He looked over the side. "Hi, you Jumbos! shove off now, and bring the lady aboard."

I hailed the schooner: "Miss Grant, the negroes will fetch you. Ducrow, come you along with the lady that you may receive your money."

Ten minutes later I had assisted Miss Grant over the side, and escorted her on to the poop. She bowed with stately grace to the two women, who courtied to her as though she were a princess. The captain, whose name by the way was Foljambé, held a trifle aloof at the sight of her, eyeing her with a mixture of astonishment and admiration. Perhaps now, with a couple of her own sex at hand to contrast her by, helped by such definition as her fine figure would obtain from the white and roomy deck, the clean brass-work, the sparkling skylights, the snowy awning, with the wheel in the sunshine past it, at which stood

the smartly-dressed figure of an English sailor carelessly leaning upon the spokes, watching us under the spread of a great Cuban hat—perhaps now, in the swift glance I threw at her, I could see in a manner scarce to be managed before, how little her beauty had suffered from the trials we had come through, from exposure to the high sun, from the many bitter anxieties which had clouded her mind. The glow of the tropics was in her cheek, and seemed to clarify the brightness and to enrich the loveliness of her full, dark, speaking eyes; the very neglect of apparel enforced by privation appeared as a grace in her, as the dishevelment of her soft brown lustrous hair gave a character of romance to the dignified sweetness of her countenance. I could not wonder that Mrs. Foljambe and her friend stared, nor that the captain should have fallen back a step at her approach, as though veritably startled by her beauty, as I had been indeed when I first met her.

Captain Ducrow came up to me, cap in hand. His strut was incomparable. I heard the half-smothered laughter of men forward as he bowed first to the captain's wife, then to her friend, then to the captain, bringing his cap to his heart, and slowly bending his body, till I thought he had a mind to double himself up after the manner of stage contortionists.

"Berry sorry to lose yah, Massa Musgrave," he said to me, "and berry much sorrier still to say good-bye to dis most bootiful lady, which," he added, with an emotional grunt in his voice, "I may nebber, nebber see agin in dis yerie earth—" He was proceeding, but I could see that Captain Foljambe was impatient. So I cut him short by handing him the bank-note, and then shook him warmly by the hand, thanking him, with the sort of sincerity that a man who had gone through what I had could hardly miss, for his rescue of us and his subsequent kindness. Miss Grant also gave him her hand, addressing a few words of gratitude; but my gravity vanished

when the poor fellow suddenly plumped down on one knee and lifted her fingers to the side of his face where his mouth was.

"Now then, skipper," cried Captain Foljambe, "away with ye, my lad. This is a breeze to make the most of, so please don't keep me waiting."

"Gor bless yah! Gorramighty in hebben bless yah both, an' make yah happy," cried the poor fellow, backing to the gangway as though from the presence of royalty, and speaking with so much emotion that I looked to see him blubber. "May dah good Lord look down 'pon dis ship, and send yah ten-knot breezes all dah way;" and arrived at the gangway, he dropped over the side, and was pulled to his little schooner.

"Get your topsail-yard swung, Mr. Murphy," exclaimed the captain, addressing the mate, who was the other of the two men I had noticed clothed in white, and who had been standing quietly on the lee-side of the poop, waiting for this business to end.

The sailors sprang to the braces; the great yards came slowly round, the sails, silk-white in the sunshine, swelled out to the blue breeze, and the Bristol Trader was heading along on her course again. Meanwhile the two negroes had splashed Ducrow aboard his little schooner in hot haste, to save themselves the job of baling the boat, as I suspected; but I gathered what the hurry was about, when the poor yellow-faced fellow, who had drawn his cap down over his ears in his excitement, floundered as though pursued by a bull to the signal-halliards, hauled down the ensign with frantic gesticulations, bent it on afresh with the Jack right-side up, and then sent it aloft again, yelling to one of his negroes to lay aft in a voice that was distinctly audible, though the distance between the vessels was being magically widened, considering the lightness of the breeze. The negro seized one length of the halliards, Ducrow the other, and between them they dipped the flag, that is to say, they lowered

it as a token of farewell—hoisting it anew, and then lowering it—not once, not five times, but over and over and over again, the whole dusky crowd of them howling a good-bye at us every time the flag rose to the masthead, until the schooner had slipped so far astern that their voices could no longer be caught, while the flag itself had dwindled into a mere red spot.

It was the last I saw of the little craft ere I turned to accept Captain Foljambe's invitation to step below. I beheld her now again with my mind's eye, heaving to the long ocean swell, with a tremor of light in her black side as she lifts it wet from the brine, slowly paying off with her jib rounding, her main-peak hoisting, a dingy white topsail slowly creeping to the masthead, the Lilliputianized figures of her crew making a very toy of the little fabric indeed as she heads slowly into the mighty loneliness of the ocean, with the glare of the sun in the sky over her going down like a wall of dazzling brass to the whitish blue of the heavens, trembling upon the remote western confines. Ah, there are no memories so dream-like as those one carries away from the ocean!

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

##### HOME.

THE Bristol Trader was one of the most comfortable ships of her class that ever I was aboard of. Her cabins were tall and roomy, her decks spacious, her port-holes large, her hatchways big enough to serve for an emigrant ship. After our experiences on the island, in the open boat, and on the schooner, it was like arriving at some cheerful, hospitable inn, with the welcome of a blazing fire, a hot supper, and a warm bed, after hours of blind groping over miles of snow-clad moors, to find one's self in such a ship as this. One needs to be marooned to appreciate comforts made cheap by homeliness and familiarity. We had been absolutely destitute aboard the schooner,

without the commonest and meanest conveniences—no hairbrush, no towels, soap, sheets, and what not; nay, there had not been even a looking-glass, and neither Miss Grant nor I had the least idea of the sort of faces we submitted until we had been conducted to our cabins by Captain Foljambe and his wife. I borrowed a razor from the captain, and shaved myself for the first time since I had left the island, and I protest the sensation was as though Nature had clothed me in a new skin. It is the commonplaces of life which make themselves heard of in maritime disasters. The captain was good enough to lend me a clean shirt and collar, with other articles of under-clothing, all which sat very comfortably upon me, as we were pretty nearly of the same build. He told me that his wife was taking care of Miss Grant, that she (namely Mrs. Foljambe), together with her friend Mrs. Tweed, had between them a plentiful stock of clothing, so that my companion could be at once made comfortable and kept so until our arrival at Bristol.

He was a man that improved on acquaintance, shrewd, respectful, sail-orly in a sort of careless manner that was a grace in its way, well spoken, with something of the manners of a well-bred gentleman, roughened without being coarsened by the usage of the ocean. He sat in my bunk whilst I dressed, and asked me many questions about the Iron Crown, and our life on the island. He could give me no news of the brig, did not seem to know of her name even, but he told me that whilst at Havanna he had heard of a vessel which had fallen in with a boat containing four men, that had gone adrift during thick weather from the craft that owned it; and this coming on top of Ducrow's narration, confirmed my belief that Gordon and the others had been saved, for which I was heartily thankful indeed.

It was long past the dinner-hour, but neither Miss Grant nor I had

broken our fast since the morning. On my telling Captain Foljambe this, he immediately gave orders to his steward to prepare a meal for us in the cabin, and by the time I had finished civilizing myself with the razor, hair-brush, and the skipper's linen, the meal awaited us: cold roast chicken, fine white biscuits, ham, several plates of fruit with the sweetness of the tropic soil still in their flavour and freshness, a decanter of brandy, a *monkey* of cold water—why, Heaven bless us! after poor Ducrow's brine-toughened buffalo-meat and his caulkers of water warm from the scuttle-butts, this was such a princely regale that the recollection of it bids fair to outlast the memory of many a sumptuous banquet that I had before and have since sat down to. The afternoon sunshine flashed azure off the water through the open ports, and filled the interior with a soft golden haze that floated cool to every sense in me after our days and nights of the Orphan's cabin, whilst the eye was soothed by the violet shadow cast by the awning down upon the open skylights, in whose gaping casements the hot breeze hummed as though it echoed the burden of the island insect chorus.

I was conversing with the captain's wife and Mrs. Tweed, two very homely, unaffected ladies, brimful of kindness and sympathy, when Miss Grant arrived. I had never seen her beauty look so rich. The peculiar complexion of the atmosphere in the cabin just then may have helped her, but methought there was the glory of the newly-blown flower in her as she stood a moment after coming out of her cabin, instantly smiling as our gaze met. I brought her to the table, and we seated ourselves. There was a West Indian plant, bearing a star-shaped flower lovely as the lily, but inodorous, trained against the handsomely-framed trunk of the mizzenmast, sloping abaft the table from the deck to the cabin. The captain cut one of these flowers and presented it

with a sailorly bow to Miss Grant, who thanked him and put it in her bosom.

"This sort of thing," said I, almost jealous to think that the hand of a stranger should have touched a stem that was to find so sacred a resting-place, "makes one feel alive again. I fancy I must have been dead for a month, perhaps a little longer. Everything strikes me with an astonishment that is preposterously unnatural. This damask tablecloth; how white it is! this crystal tumbler—I never before knew glass to sparkle so! and yonder roast chicken!—upon my word, I thought there had been an end of hens."

The captain laughed. "I have been shipwrecked, sir," he exclaimed. "I've known the time when the hairy face of a seaman has set me weeping as though I was taking my last view of the only man left in the world besides myself."

"How very odd!" exclaimed Mrs. Foljambe. "I've never heard you say that before, William."

"My dear," said he, "had it been the last *woman* perhaps I shouldn't have cried."

"Because I dare say you'd have taken care it shouldn't have been your last view of her," observed Mrs. Tweed dryly. This lady was a widow.

"Now, Miss Grant," said I, working away at the roast fowl and ham, and immensely enjoying Captain Foljambe's excellent old brandy, "shall we ask our kind friend here to shift his helm and give chase to the schooner, that we may overhaul and board her afresh, and make our way to Havanna in her?"

"If you will return to her, I will," she answered.

"That means no," said Captain Foljambe. "No for all hands. Bad look-out to shift the helm now, Miss Grant. It blows a pretty six-knot breeze."

"Hurrah!" cried I. "Why, with this clipper keel under us we shall be heaving Bristol into sight whilst

the little Orphan is still dodging the ghost of a catspaw in waters not yet hull down. No, no, it was a voyage not to be pursued. A twenty-five ton boat, Mrs. Foljambe! her one pump going day and night! all the plagues of Egypt rolled into one, in the shape of cockroaches! Think of that, Mrs. Tweed."

"Shocking, sir," she cried; "the horrid creatures! But there are none here, thank goodness."

"Here and there one," said the captain.

And so we went on, chatting and eating, then mounted on deck, I with a big Havana cigar in my mouth, so joyous in spirits that it might have needed but a band of music to have started me off dancing for the rest of the day. What words have I to describe the delight that filled me as I looked at the sparkling blue sea, sloping between the awning-stanchions to the heavens which were reddening all round to the westering sun, and at the swelling folds of the courses which, past the edge of our canvas shelter, rose in stately cloud upon cloud, every cloth silently doing its work, rounding marble-like to leeward, the shadows of the rigging lying in delicate curves in each still, snow-like heart, and the tinkle of water swiftly shorn at the stem faintly sweeping a bell-like note through the steady breezing of the wind! The ocean looked boundless from the height of the poop deck, and the way before us was yet a long road. But my heart beat the more gladly for the very thought of it when I turned to look at Aurelia Grant, and reflected that she was still by my side; that for many a week we should be together; that, in short, I had by this manœuvre indefinitely postponed the hour of our separation. Was I dishonourable? Was I disloyal? Was I unfaithful to my trust? Maybe, maybe. How *you* would have acted in my case I cannot tell. Fallibility must fail somewhere, says the old moralist,—and I was in love!

But you have made one eventful voyage with me, and I am as little desirous possibly as you that you should undertake a second uneventful one—uneventful, I mean, in respect of incident, for we were a smart ship, and the crew hearty and honest, the captain a wise disciplinarian, and his two mates plain, sturdy, steady-going seamen. Yet though uneventful in the sense of gales of wind, collisions, lee-shores, leaks, mutinies, and the rest of the list of maritime perils, for me it was marked by a passage that rendered it more stirring than all the experiences we had gone through boiled down into one could have proved. I have spoken of a quality of reserve in Miss Grant's manner when aboard the schooner, of my own sensitiveness to it, and how between us there had come a something that seemed to hold us a bit apart; but this had made way before we left the little vessel for the old frankness, the warmth, the sweet and fearless cordiality of her bearing towards me when on the island. Yet we had not been twenty-four hours in the Bristol Trader when I noticed that her behaviour was once more charged with the same chilly and uncomfortable element. Then she even grew timorous at times, shunning my gaze, though sometimes I'd catch her unawares watching me with an expression of wistfulness that lay sad in her eyes like a shadow of melancholy. I very well knew she had guessed that my proposal to sail home was merely that I might enjoy her society for some weeks or perhaps months longer; and I would fancy that in thinking over this she had come to resent it, as though she was now clearly seeing that my duty lay in proceeding with her in the schooner to Havana, whence, as Captain Foljambe was constantly saying—and I certainly did not like him the better for this confounded trick of iteration—we would have met a ship to transport us to Rio without delay.

All this secret worrying in me over what might be in her thoughts resulted



in cooling my manner too, though my love for her increased as my demeanour became inexpressive; and sometimes it would happen that we were together only at meal-times, by which I mean that I would go and sulkily post myself in some corner with a book, which I would read upside down, whilst she paced the deck with the captain's wife or Mrs. Tweed, or remained below in the cabin. I was for ever seeking to interpret her, but never could find the hints I sought. When with her I would constantly talk of Alexander and of the plans I had formed: for instance, we should arrive at Bristol; we should then proceed to London, where she would take up her abode at the hotel she occupied before she left England, whilst I made all necessary preparations for a second attempt to carry her to her sweetheart. But I took notice whilst I thus talked that she had very little to say to it all. She'd thank me and tell me I was too good, and protest that it was not likely she would put me to the trouble of escorting her again; that most probably on her arrival in London she would write the story of our adventures to Rio, and wait for my cousin to fetch her—most probably; indeed, she would add with a sigh, she had not made up her mind. There was plenty of time to think the matter over, and meanwhile I was not to dream that she would again subject me to the risk of undergoing perhaps worse adventures than those which we had happily come safe through. This and the like she would say, but always with a sort of air of indifference, as though she talked to a person whose programme she did not regard as a very sincere one, and as though in consequence she could take no interest in it.

There came a day however when feeling grew too strong for me. Conscience had wrestled hard with inclination, but to no purpose. Often, whilst tossing in my bunk at night, whilst seated alone on the deck by day, I would ask myself if I had not acted

dishonourably in falling in love with this woman, and whether I should not be rendering my sin heinous beyond forgiveness by proposing to her. But it was like putting some insoluble riddle to my heart. I gave it up. Had Alexander been my brother instead of my cousin it would have been all the same. I was head over ears in love with Aurelia Grant, and I made up my mind to marry her if she would have me. And there came a time, as I have said, when patience gave way, when passion grew too powerful for restraint, and when I determined to put the matter boldly to her and see what she had to say to it.

The ship was then on the equatorial verge of the Bay of Biscay, so you will gather that I did not make up my mind in a hurry. Our clipper had made a noble run through the trades, with fine weather and pleasant breezes to follow, and now on this day at noon we found ourselves under all plain sail on the port tack, bowlines tried out, a light breeze off the bow, and the vessel sliding quietly through it over the long undulations of the Atlantic swell flowing with pulse-like regularity from the westward. When the dusk settled down, the half moon shone in the sky. Her light lay soft and white upon our high-reaching canvas, and filled the shadow between the rails with a silver tint through which the forms of the seamen moved in dark outlines.

I came on deck after an hour spent alone in my cabin, and stood a little at the head of the ladder that led to the poop, trying to persuade myself that I lingered to admire this fair ocean night-picture; but I found my eyes quickly going from it in search of Miss Grant. I saw her in a moment standing in the dark shade flung on the deck by the reflection of the mizzen mast. She was talking to Mrs. Foljambe and Mr. Murphy, the chief mate. I put on the lightest air I could summon, and approached the group in an easy saunter.

"Pleasant weather this for the close



of October, Mrs. Foljambe," said I; "it won't be quite so nice a little higher up."

"There's no climate after all, Mr. Musgrave, that beats the English," said Mrs. Foljambe.

"Well, madam," said I, "I might agree with you if I were a slug or a water-rat."

"You must go to the west of Ireland for a fine climate," quoth Mr. Murphy.

"Too much steam," said Mrs. Foljambe. "I once stayed a week at Ballyvaghan, and it was like looking at natural scenery through the smoke from a bowl of hot punch."

"You should have thrived Ballaghadereen, ma'am," said Mr. Murphy.

"Say Ballydehob at once, now," answered Mrs. Foljambe; "and I am sure a hob the poor creatures who live there must find it—a hob with a steaming kettle on it."

"Well," said I, "this evening is a fine one, but it is a bit chilly for all that. What say you to a stroll, Miss Grant?"

She assented, and we left Mrs. Foljambe and Mr. Murphy arguing on the climate of Ireland.

"Will you take my arm?" said I. "This long heave is gentle, but it doesn't help to steady one."

She did as I asked. I thought I felt a little tremor in her fingers; she was silent and pensive, looking away from me towards the ocean; but this had been her demeanour of late, and was therefore not new in her.

"This is the Bay of Biscay," said I; "not many more days now before us."

"I shall be glad when the voyage is ended," she answered; "the Foljambes are very kind, everything is nice here, but I am weary—*weary*—weary of the sea, Mr. Musgrave."

"You had need be; it has used you very ill, and something of this weariness of the ocean you are extending."

"Extending! I don't understand you."

"Well now, to be plain, Miss Grant, you have had enough of my company."

"You don't think so," she answered quietly; "why do you say so then?"

"I say so because I think so, and I think so because the fancy has been forced upon me by your manner. Since we have been in this ship you have ceased to be what you were."

"What was I?"

"Warm, cordial, frank, making our association to me so sweet an intimacy, that though I was clamorous to leave the island, I now vow to Heaven I would be glad to go on suffering a life-long imprisonment in it to preserve what I have lost in you."

"You have lost nothing," she exclaimed, speaking in a subdued voice, that did not however conceal her agitation; "if you have noticed any change in me, it is but the reflection of your own manner."

"My manner! It should be warm, not cold; it should be bright, not gloomy, if love be the hot and radiant emotion the poet tells us it is. Aurelia——"

She fixed her dark eyes upon me as I pronounced her name, and halted, looking at me intently, but for a few seconds only, then her gaze fell and she resumed her walk, still holding my arm.

"Aurelia," I said gently, "you heard what I have said—you know now that I love you."

"I have known it a long while," she answered, still looking down, but speaking with composure, though I have little doubt I should have felt her heart in her finger-tips had I brought them to my lips.

"You say I have no sympathy; but I am quicker to see than you—quicker to recognize."

Her meaning was as clear as the sound of a bell. We were to leeward, forward as far as the deck extended; the sheet of the great main course curved like a dusky wing betwixt us and the moonlight on the water, and we stood in this dusk, concealed from the others, obscured from all eyes in the fore-end, though clearly visible to each other. It was my turn now to

halt. I let fall her hand from my arm, then clasped it and the other as well. She stood passive. I drew her to me till her face was close to mine, and kissed her forehead. She released her hands with a manner of tender agitation, and went to the rail and looked over, and I heard her draw her breath in a sob.

I stepped to her side, and said, "If I have grieved you, forgive me. The time had come when I could not help speaking. I have loved you from the hour I first saw you. It has been a hard fight. I have endeavoured to do my duty, will still attempt it if you command me, but your beauty and sweetness have conquered my resolution of silence."

She wept silently.

"See now how I have vexed you," said I.

She shook her head. "No, I am happy," she answered, in a voice so low that I had to bend my ear to catch the words. "I am indeed happy in knowing that you love me. It is as it should be. It is—it is—as *he* would—as *he* *might* desire it. Poor boy. But—but—"

She raised her head, and the next instant her face was hidden on my shoulder, my arms around her, and her heart beating against mine.

And thus it was that we managed to round off in true poetical style our most eventful experiences as a marooned couple. That this was a right and proper ending I will not affirm, but that we could help it I do most vehemently deny. And, after all, if you will but gravely consider the matter, you will see it was scarce possible but that two people thrown together as Aurelia and I were should fall in love, to the exclusion of all promptings of loyalty and conscience on the one hand, and of all impulses of an earlier passion on the other. Nor was this all. The character of our intimacy demanded our union. Indeed, Aurelia did not scruple to tell me afterwards—I mean when she was

my wife—that even had her love been made to falter by thoughts of my cousin's claims upon her, and by the memory of their vows and betrothal, the recollection of the island must have sufficed to rally her into accepting me as destined by fate or old ocean, which is the same thing, to be her husband. But why enlarge upon this? It would have been easy to shift the helm of this yarn towards the close of it, and submit myself as having cut a highly virtuous figure. But then is it highly virtuous to heave one's emotional obligations overboard?—to confront a pure and ennobling passion with a countenance acidulated by some bolus of conscience that is, strictly speaking, neither here nor there, though it works very uncomfortably in the moral system, without leaving one much the better for it?

We arrived at Bristol on the 6th of November, after above four months of much livelier experiences than I should again care to undergo on any account whatever, and proceeded to London, where before the month was out we were married. The wedding, as will be supposed, was a very quiet one, so quiet indeed that there was nobody but ourselves present; I mean nobody in any way concerned in it. Privacy of this kind is a happiness that attends the nuptials of those only who are without relations; that is to say, when the marriage is an honest one, done in the light of day, and not what one may call a window-and-ladder match. Aurelia was as good as alone in the world, and for the matter of that so was I; so we drove one morning to church and returned man and wife, and I remember saying to my blushing beauty as we stepped arm-in-arm from the sacred building, that if all marooning experiments had ended as ours did, the punishment must long before have become so fashionable that there would be no uninhabited islands left; the most sterile rock would be occupied by some languishing couple, and it might come to skippers being handsomely rewarded for reporting so

much even as the creation of a volcanic spot of earth.

But before I was married I wrote a letter to my cousin, Alexander Fraser. It was a very long letter indeed. I gave him the full relation of our adventures, and do not know that I spared him the most trifling detail, so anxious was I to submit the whole picture to him, that there might be wanting no incident which, omitted, I might have regretted as helpful to the general apology of the missive. I told him that of course I expected he would resent my conduct at first, that he would consider I had taken a mean advantage of the trust he confided in me, but that when he came to think the matter carefully over, he would understand that nothing else than what had happened was possible. I touched very delicately upon Aurelia's and my enforced intimacy of association on the island; delicately, I say, but I indicated it too, for therein, methought, lay the very handsomest excuse any man could seek or expect for what I had done. Whatever occurred to me to say in self-extenuation, I said; but though I took great pains, wrote in a subdued strain, with plentiful appeals to his sailorly instincts as a man to judge me kindly, to believe that I had embarked most honestly, that for weeks and weeks I had never thought of the girl but as his sweet-heart, that even after we had quitted the island I was still for conveying Aurelia to Rio, though I was loving her passionately then, and abhorred the thought of parting with her—I say, that though I did my best in this letter, I felt at every word which dropped from my pen that it was like rubbing a cat the wrong way, as uncomfortable to the stroking hand as to the creature thus dealt with. Perhaps I said too much; then it would occur to me that I had not said enough; and sometimes I thought it would have been best to say nothing at all, and leave him to conclude that the Iron Crown had foundered, and we with her.

Well, a few months after I had

dispatched this epistle—this great bundle of manuscript I should call it, for it ran into many sheets—during all which time not a syllable reached me from Rio, I received a letter from Captain Foljambe, in which he gave me a piece of news of great interest to me.

It concerned the Iron Crown. It seems that this vessel had been found derelict at sea, about a hundred leagues westward of the island of Cuba. She was fallen in with by a French barque, whose people on boarding her discovered a couple of auger-holes in her bows, one of which had been plugged, whilst the leakage of the other had been, strangely enough, stopped by a fish that lay jammed in the orifice, just leaving room enough for a small draining of brine, scarce as much as would have raised a foot of water in her hold in a fortnight. On entering the cabin they found the ceiling, stanchions, and a portion of the forward bulkheads scorched, with other signs of a fire having been kindled, manifestly for the purpose of destroying her. There were traces of blood upon her quarter-deck and waist, whether human or not could not be told. Aloft she was a complete wreck; most of her sails in rags, her maintopmast gone, her fore-topgallant-mast hanging by its gear, and about ten feet of her starboard bulwarks smashed level to the covering board. Her name was plain upon the stern, and she was unquestionably the brig in which we had sailed. She had apparently encountered a violent storm, but whether before or after her abandonment was not to be guessed. There was nothing to be done with her, and as she would prove a formidable obstruction to drive into in the dark, the Frenchmen knocked the plug out, cleared away the fish, and left her to drown. Nothing was known of her crew, and I may as well say here, that though I continued long afterwards to make inquiries, I never got to hear of them, and therefore remain to this hour ignorant of the manner in which Broad-

water had met his end—whether he was murdered or perished by his own act.

It was eighteen months before I heard from Rio, by which time I had arrived at the conclusion that either my cousin Alexander was dead, or that he hated me too violently to put pen to paper. Aurelia believed that death was the reason of his silence. He had died, she believed, of grief, and I was heartily glad, for my own sake as much as for my wife's, when one morning I received a letter from him; for I may as well say her notion that he had died of a broken heart was the cause of many fits of melancholy in her, which rendered me a little peevish with jealousy; so that had Alexander not written, there might by and by have come some little unhappiness into my married life.

He began by saying that he had made up his mind not to write to me at all. He had hated me consumedly for months after reading my letter, and would have been pleased to kill me, only that the voyage home was too tedious and expensive an undertaking for so twopenny an issue. News of the Iron Crown having been found abandoned and in a wrecked condition had reached him before he got my letter, and he concluded that Aurelia and I were at the bottom of the sea. He had written home to the owners of the brig for information, but his inquiries remained unanswered. His getting my letter, he said, was like receiving a missive from the other world, and he swore that before he was one third through it he heartily wished that it *had* come from the other world, and from the deepest and most fiery part of it too, for to that place did his temper consign me at every full stop he came to. Of Aurelia he desired to say nothing. Women were sent into the world to make fools of men, and not even old age hindered the most of them from struggling on in fulfilment of this mission. But a woman could sometimes make as great a fool of a man by marrying him as

by jilting him. For many months he had been wondering which of us two—meaning himself and me—was the more deserving of compassion, but now he was no longer in doubt and could only hope I was happy. Aurelia was a beautiful woman, and he had been very much in love with her; but after all beauty is but skin deep. And then, again, people's feelings change wonderfully. Time converts the loveliest face into a mask, and often into a very ugly one; and how swift is the flight of time! We clasp a beautiful creature to our heart, and when she lifts her face from our bosom, lo! we find the angel of Time has been with her, and 'tis all pucker and rheum, crows'-feet, sausage-curls, and the deuce knows what besides! As to the durability of sentiment—Stop! he'd give me a yarn. He was at a funeral last year. A young wife had died, and the husband was inconsolable. His grief at the grave-side was terrible to witness. His friends had to grasp him by the arms and coat-tails to hinder him from precipitating himself into the yawning chasm when the coffin was lowered into it. He wept, he howled, he tore his hair, he shook his fists at the sky, and asked with streaming eyes what he had done to deserve this dreadful affliction. This emotion was sincere down to the very heels of it. "Four months later," added my cousin, "I received an invitation to his wedding!"

"And now," continued the letter, "since I have made up my mind to write, I may as well give you and Mrs. Musgrave all the news. Will you ask your wife if she remembers Isabella Radcliffe? No doubt she does. Mr. Radcliffe and Mr. Grant were, I believe, friends, but a coolness sprang up between them some time before the latter left Rio. Though Isabella has not the *good fortune* to have Spanish blood in her, being indeed purely English, and eminently gifted with her countrywoman's noblest quality—the grand characteristic of the *entirely* British lass—I

mean loyalty, Dick ; she is exceedingly beautiful, nevertheless. Her eyes are violet, richly fringed, her hair auburn, rarest of tints ; there is nothing *majestic* and *stately* about her ; she is merely *lovable*, plump, fragrant, sweet to see and to hearken to, with so exquisite a contralto voice that everybody calls it a fortune to her. Her papa is dead, and his will appoints that the sum of eight thousand pounds is to be settled upon her when she marries, providing that she does so with her mother's consent, presuming of course the mother to be living. The mother is living, and I have her consent, and perhaps some of these days I may have the pleasure of introducing the prettiest woman that was ever seen in South America to Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave. Happily she resides at Rio, so I shall not be obliged to ask any relative to bring her to me. Be good enough, when you next write, to let me know what I owe you for Mrs. Musgrave's outfit, and for the hire of the cabins of the ship you embarked in. Convey my kind regards to your wife, and believe me, my dear Dick,

Yours very truly,  
"ALEX. FRASER."

Poor Alec !

Yet this letter magically cleared our home atmosphere. There were no more melancholy references to my cousin's broken heart. I have drunk many a bottle with Alec since, and he is godfather to my second boy, and Aurelia is godmother to his third girl.

So passes the procession of life across the stage of the world. I had advanced but a few steps, so to speak, on the boards when this experience I have written about befell me. My wife and I were young, our hearts had a strong beat, the sun was yet in the eastern heavens, his light very glorious and the land fair and gay with flowers ; and now I am hobbling off within a few paces of the dark wing whose shadow, when the actor has entered it, shrouds him for ever from the gaze of the company that sit watching the show. But the western radiance still lingers, the dusk has not yet fallen ; and my wife and I, though our clasped hands tremble with the infirmities of age, still walk in sunshine, finding cheerfulness in the lingering lustre, though we know it to be waning fast.

THE END.

## VERDI'S "OTELLO."

THE enterprise of transplanting "Otello", with the whole La Scala company bodily from Milan to London last July, proved as successful as it was bold. The only undertaking of similar magnitude in our times was the importation a few years ago of a complete German company to play German opera, especially Wagner's later works. That was anything but successful, in spite of the enormous advertisement given by the great Wagnerian controversy; and a similar fate was confidently predicted for the Italian experiment. Indeed its chances of success looked even less; for in the previous case there had at least been the attraction of several operas, whereas it was now proposed to give nothing but one single work throughout three consecutive weeks; that work, moreover, by a man whose name excites no bitter controversy, who is neither derided on the one hand as a charlatan, nor extolled on the other as the greatest genius the world has seen. Nevertheless, contrary to all expectation, it turned out most triumphantly successful; far more so than would be supposed from the accounts of contemporary newspapers which, doubtless for reasons of their own, maintained for the most part a studiously cold attitude. As a matter of fact, the theatre was filled night after night by a genuine and increasingly enthusiastic audience; and that in the face of a rival house enjoying an undeniably successful season. It may be worth while to enquire into the reasons for this really remarkable result. There were two—the performance, and the work itself.

In the first place the performance was one of great excellence. In addition to a conductor who has no living superior, a first-rate orchestra

and chorus, the minor parts were adequately filled; while the two principal artists offered an impersonation of remarkable merit. In speaking of Tamagno and Maurel, it is difficult to avoid using the language of exaggeration. But upon full and sober reflection it seems by no means too much to say that, for singing and acting combined, in all probability no better work has ever before been done on the stage by two men together. It is at any rate certain that Tamagno and Maurel have themselves never done so well before, nor indeed anything like it. The opera has clearly inspired them. This brings us to the second point. We find the reason for the unusual excellence of the performance in the work itself. What then is the peculiar merit of this opera? What is its position in the history of the art?

Song is simply extended and magnified speech, and its artistic basis lies in that fact. When any one speaks under the influence of emotion, he unconsciously does three things—he prolongs the sound of the expressive word uttered: he increases the inflection of the voice; and he increases its loudness. The last is much less important than the two former. In proportion to the strength of the emotion are the prolongation, inflection, and (less often) the loudness of the voice, until it becomes what may properly be called a scream as of terror, or a roar as of rage. On the stage, the actor, whose business it is to express emotion, consciously and purposely reproduces this lengthening and inflection of the words. So too does the orator. In oratory it is a common thing to see one speaker exercise an influence upon his audience infinitely greater than another of equal mental gifts and readiness of utterance. The



secret lies in the studied use of the voice. Canon Liddon, for instance, in uttering from the pulpit such a phrase as "a pallid caricature of masculine self-assertion", prolongs the syllables to an almost incredible extent, but with so much art that the hearer is quite unconscious of anything of the sort. He only knows that the words come to him with such force, that they ring in his head and he cannot forget them. Another preacher might say the same thing with the same fervour, but without the voice and the art, and produce no effect at all. There is but one step between this and singing. Salvini, when he says in "Il Gladiatore" *Figlia mia* with an expression of intense parental tenderness, comes as near singing as is possible. Indeed there is no real break between the two: the one merges almost insensibly into the other; and it is possible to recite a poem, gradually prolonging the syllables, until it becomes distinctly a song. Competent teachers of singing know that the one general principle on which to rely in forming a voice is to make the pupil produce the singing sound on a given note, in precisely the same way as the speaking sound upon the same note. The one is simply a prolongation of the other. The most successful singers are, *ceteris paribus*, those who most thoroughly carry out this principle, consciously or not. It is this which gives their peculiar charm to such singers as Patti, Sims Reeves, and de Soria. Their singing sounds natural and easy, because it is so. The words seem to drop out in a delightful manner as if spoken, but with a degree of meaning beyond speech. The same thing applies to the music sung. In vocal music the musical phrase is successful in proportion as it approximates to the spoken phrase in form and inflection, and that for two reasons. It expresses the meaning most intelligibly to the hearer, and it lies most naturally for the voice of the singer. It is successful, because intelligible and pleasing. In the best specimens of song the sentiment contained in the

words, whatever it may be, is so exactly expressed by the musical inflections, that it is quite intelligible when sung in an unknown tongue. No one could mistake "Adelaide" for anything but a love-song, or "The Erl-King" for anything but a tale of terror and affright. The poem of "The Erl-King" may be recited with the speaking voice note for note according to Schubert's music, and sound quite natural and effective when so done.

It is necessary to insist upon the artistic status of dramatic song, because, while lyrical and narrative song is universally admitted to be an art, the claim is curiously enough denied to opera. Of all forms of poetry, the one which lends itself most naturally and properly to musical expression is the drama. Since singing is, as we have seen, an extended form of emotional speaking, it follows that opera should be an extended form of drama. Yet it is constantly refused the title of a genuine art at all: it is derided as anomalous; and the feeling entertained for it by most "unmusical" people is one of half-contemptuous toleration, as for a thing necessarily absurd from an artistic point of view, but which pleases their "musical" neighbours. The only theoretical objection which can be urged against the musical drama, is that in ordinary life people do not express themselves in elaborate music. But of course, the same objection may be urged against the spoken drama, and especially against the highest form of it, grand tragedy. The stage is not ordinary life. Ordinary life does not consist of kings and queens, of heroes and monsters. In ordinary life people do not speak in verse rhymed or blank. Ordinary rooms are not formed by three walls and an open space; nor are a row of gaslights sunshine. Ordinary life is just what you do not want on the stage, or in any other art. We are suffering only too much from ordinary life in fiction and in the drama. The exact reproduction of

real life, which seems to be the aim of so many novelists and dramatists, is not art. Art is not Nature.

For Art commends not counterparts or copies ;

But from our life a nobler life would take,  
Bodies celestial from terrestrial raise,  
And teach us, not jejune what we are,  
But what we may be, when the Parian  
block

Yields to the hand of Phidias.

The musical drama is as truly based upon Nature as is any other art. The real reason why it has met with so much contempt is the great difficulty of carrying it out successfully. Music imposes limits. Both the subject and its verbal handling must be specially adapted to musical treatment, before the immense difficulties of the actual composition are reached at all. It is on this rock that opera has usually struck. Both the play and its poetical treatment have been bad. The fault is invariably laid to the charge of the musician—but most unfairly. It is true that a certain colour is lent to this accusation by the fact that many composers have apparently been too easily satisfied with the *libretti* provided for them; and many have shrunk from the difficulties imposed by a high ideal. It is so much easier to write a song than an opera; just as it is easier to write a few stanzas than a drama. Hence it happens that too many so-called operas are little more than albums of songs disguised; and so long as the public is content with an album of songs, the supply is sure to follow the demand. But is it to be supposed that composers have insisted on foolish plots and puerile language? On the contrary, the history of the opera is that of a constantly renewed struggle on the part of the musicians to obtain worthy subjects for their muse, a struggle unfortunately for the most part unsuccessful.

The originators of opera in Italy towards the end of the sixteenth century were animated by the purest artistic aspiration, that of re-constructing the Greek drama, which, as we

believe, was musically declaimed; and from them down to the present day we have a long list of great musicians who undeniably appreciated the seriousness of their art, and the necessity of a fine subject for the exercise of it. Monteverde, Purcell, Handel, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Weber, Spohr, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Wagner may be mentioned, without referring to living writers, as having striven for a high ideal. One proof of the difficulty they encountered is the frequency with which they have had recourse to the same subjects. The story of Orpheus has been set to music by at least five composers, and that of Faust by as many more. Sometimes they have failed altogether to find a subject. Haydn and Beethoven wrote but one opera apiece; Mendelssohn could not find a satisfactory libretto at all until it was too late. The oft-repeated charge of slavish submission to artificial forms of construction and the tyrannical caprices of singers, may be true enough in the case of weaker spirits, but does not apply to the great men whose names have just been mentioned. Handel for instance, who wrote at a time when rules for the construction of opera were the most strict and the most artificial, and when the despotism of singers was at its highest, never allowed either to stand in his way. The same is true to a great extent of Rossini. Purcell was a daring innovator. Gluck ran directly counter to the popular taste of his day in a noble, and to some extent successful, attempt to re-establish the musical drama on a true artistic basis. Mozart threw up at least one librettist in despair. Weber and Spohr invented and successfully carried out a new style, half-way between tragic and comic, which, though not the highest, is yet a serious and worthy form of art. Meyerbeer worked like a slave at his operas, sparing no trouble or expense, and was so particular about the character of his *libretti* that he quarrelled with his dramatist, Scribe, who was pro-

bably the best that ever condescended to co-operate with a musician. Without extending the list any farther, or coming down to later writers, enough has been said to show that operatic composers have been neither unconscious of an ideal nor slaves to fashion.

The fault lies far more with the librettists. We see just the same thing in the case of sacred music. When the words are taken direct from the Bible, or are those of the holy offices, the composers have proved equal to the task and have produced truly magnificent results. When they have had inferior words, the result has been inferior. Compare Haydn's Masses with his "Creation". Where in all his Masses is there anything like the absurd duet between Adam and Eve, "Graceful consort! Spouse adored!"? Compare Beethoven's Mass in C with his "Olivet". But the great case in point is Handel. At the Handel Festival two oratorios are always given entire, the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt". All his others are represented by a selection, and quite properly. The words of these two are from the Bible; but it is not the words only that are superior;—the music corresponds. The other oratorios contain some great beauties, and these form the selections. They occur when the librettist has chanced to give him a fine subject, or when his irresistible genius has broken through the fetters and clothed inferior words in music far too good for them. An instance of the former is the air "Total eclipse!" from "Samson", one of the most glorious specimens of musical declamation in existence. An instance of the latter is the chorus in "Joshua", "In watery heaps affrighted Jordan stood". The well known chorus "Envy! eldest-born of Hell!" might almost be cited phrase by phrase as showing the influence on a composer of good and bad words respectively.

A book might be filled with similar instances from opera, to show that when the musician has had a chance

he has made the most of it, and has often succeeded in spite of impediments placed in his way by a poor librettist. Scores of beautiful fragments and many whole works have come down to us and hold their place to the present day, in which immortality is given to very poor lines by the genius of the musician. It will be sufficient to take the case of Mozart. Out of some twenty dramatic works of more or less pretensions, the only serious ones are taken from classical subjects. Dramatists seem to have thought at that time that grand art was impossible unless the subjects were taken from Greek or Roman history. This mistake, to which Gluck also fell a victim, was a legacy from the Renaissance. Shakespeare could write "Julius Cæsar" and "Coriolanus", but the Abbate Varesco was not Shakespeare. The great classical Greek drama could no more be reproduced in another age than the classical Greek architecture. Mozart did all that was possible with the poor lifeless artificial stuff that was supplied to him. "Idomeneo" and "Clemenza di Tito" were as successful as such works could be. Of the comedies, many were very slight affairs; but three at least have survived with undiminished popularity to the present day, "Le Nozze di Figaro", "Don Giovanni", and "Die Zauberflöte". Of these it may be remarked in the first place that musical comedy is an inferior form of art. It is not the proper business of music to heighten comic effects or express trivialities, but to give effect to the higher emotions. Setting the composer of the "Requiem Mass" to work at comedies would be like giving Raphael comic scenes to paint. They were beneath his genius. What he did was to invest some second or third-rate plays with a beauty and grace which were not their own and to give them an immortality they were far from deserving. "Le Nozze di Figaro" is a very fair comedy, but far below Mozart's music. Take the air "Voi che sapete",

for instance, one of the most exquisitely beautiful melodies ever written. What is there in the words to suggest it? Absolutely nothing. Of "Don Giovanni", that extraordinary genius, Ernest Hoffmann, himself an intensely artistic spirit, says, "It is difficult to understand how Mozart could conceive and compose such music on such a subject". And in order to account for it, like a true German, he invents a profound psychological study of the conflict between good and evil in the soul, making out Don Giovanni to be a sort of Faust. But it is to be feared that, in spite of Hoffmann's ingenuity, the commonplace libertine will remain commonplace. "Die Zauberflöte", the most musically perfect opera we have, is pure nonsense. Dark hints have been thrown out about recondite meanings intelligible only to Freemasons; but these have not gone farther than identifying some chords in the overture with a masonic sign having the same rhythm. If ever a man was competent to set Shakespeare to music it was Mozart, and he is thrown away upon such rubbish as this. Who were Varesco, da Ponte, and Bretzner, his best-known librettists? Who would ever have heard of them but for Mozart? Whatever importance their works possess is derived from his music.

In truth, the whole history of opera is not that of drama sacrificed to music, as has been so frequently said, but of good music thrown away on bad drama. This is true even of the later and despised Italian writers. Of course, when the play is rubbish and the words poor, the interest of the public is centred on the music. Hence the violations of dramatic propriety which have become customary in the performance. But that is the fault of the dramatist the example of Wagner clearly shows. That great genius and innovator, dissatisfied with the condition of operatic art, set to work to compose, not a new kind of music, but a new kind of *libretto*. Unable to find a dramatist, he boldly determined to

be his own. Unfortunately he was not a good workman, and he chose a bad subject. He chose those mythological and legendary subjects which have always taken an epic form, for the very good reason that they are essentially epic and not dramatic in character. Upon these subjects he composed a truly wonderful mass of doggerel verse, for it is really nothing else; the splendid courage of the attempt should not blind us to its failure. Only the enthusiasm of a fanatic can call Wagner a great poet. The task he set himself was really beyond his powers, for he was a poor playwright and worse poet. Some fine dramatic situations he has, but no one can pretend that with the possible exception of "Der Holländer" there is a single one of Wagner's dramas dramatic enough to be played as such without the music. Some are disfigured by a startling degree of impropriety, which alone would prevent their being put upon any ordinary stage whatever; and scenic effects impossible to be presented otherwise than ridiculously are constantly demanded, notably in the "Nibelungen-Ring". But far more important than all this is the extreme tediousness of a great part of all his operas. The interminable and pointless dialogues, which so often occur, surpass in dullness anything else upon the stage; and the poverty of the verse is even greater than that of incident. The great bulk of it is either commonplace, or so ingeniously distorted as to be almost meaningless. The book of "Parsifal" is all but unintelligible; it is difficult to tell what any of the characters are saying or doing at any given moment. This is explained by its being a mystic sacred drama; but mystic only means obscure, and obscurity is a deadly fault. It will be said that one has no right to separate Wagner's plays from his music, and that on the stage imperfections in language disappear. This is merely saying that the audience is dazzled by splendour of sound and spectacle, and overlooks the lame verse. For, how-

ever closely united they may be, words and music are two separate things; and if one is bad, it remains bad, however good the other may be. Besides, the whole question here is that of the *libretto*. Of his music it is not necessary to say much. On the whole it is far too good for the words. For though the uncouth distorted phraseology has been to a great extent only too faithfully rendered by equally uncouth music, whenever he has given himself a chance, and often when he has not, he has shown us what he might have done under happier auspices. Apart from the extreme beauty, ingenuity, and power of the well-known purely orchestral pieces, there are many noble and delightful fragments for the voice. The controversy is still too hot about Wagner to hope for a dispassionate opinion; but the time will come when he will be judged by the same standard as every one else (a thing forbidden at present), and it will be seen that in view of the high aim with which he started his plays are dull and his verse poor; that after all he has suffered shipwreck on the same rock as his predecessors. But all honour to him for his great and influential attempt to restore the ideal!

Now we come to "Otello", the "heir of all the ages". In the first place, it is not necessary to say much about the play. "Othello" needs no advocate. But we must insist upon the significance of going to Shakespeare for a subject. In truth he is for us the one fountain of what is greatest in drama. He is our *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Aristophanes* in one. Instead of trying to reconstruct the classical Greek drama, as the early Italians and Gluck did, or of inventing a classical German one, as Wagner did, following the same lines, but employing German legend instead of Greek, Verdi and Boito have gone to the great poet who truly represents our later age. In the second place, "Othello" has been most admirably and skilfully handled by the librettist. Boito possesses quite unique qualifications for the task. He is a

poet of great taste and cultivation and a most gifted musician, who yet has the modesty to take a second place and work for another's glory. It is to Boito that a large share of the success of "Otello" is due. His work gave Verdi the stimulus and inspiration needed, and made the opera possible. Precisely for want of a Boito opera has so often failed in the past. This is markedly the case with the other Shakespearean plays that have been set to music. The drama has been largely spoilt, and in the French language at any rate there seems to be something inimical to Shakespeare. Boito on the contrary has surmounted the dramatic and verbal difficulties with great skill. Such alterations as there are are in good taste and do not spoil the action, while the translation is noble and poetical. In the third place there is Verdi, the veteran composer. No man's work has been more belittled, or more popular. His operas are always called hackneyed; though why they should deserve that journalistic epithet any more than "Don Giovanni", "Il Barbiere", "Faust", or "Carmen", it would be difficult to say. Verdi is not a Mozart or a Beethoven, but one thing is to be observed about him which stamps him as a true artist; throughout his long career he has steadily developed and progressed towards a higher goal. The setting of "Otello" to music is the highest task he has yet attempted. Two qualifications he undeniably possesses, a complete mastery of the resources of modern orchestration, and, what is rarer, a thorough knowledge of the human voice, that most difficult of instruments. He is one of the greatest writers for the voice that ever lived. Moreover he seems to have been inspired by his theme and to have risen with it. To enter into a detailed analysis of the opera is not the present purpose. It is enough to say that the music throughout gives just and appropriate effect to the verse. Exception may no doubt be taken here and there, but on the whole the

meaning is expressed with extraordinary truthfulness and power. And yet there is not a single unmusical phrase throughout. It is the true *musica parlante* of Peri and Caccini, the rendering of the play of passion by the medium of song. It is the nearest realization of the ideal of musical drama that has yet been attained in our age, and fairly represents our modern equivalent of the Athenian declamatory tragedy. On our comparatively small stages it is not necessary for the actors to increase their stature by artificial means, as the Greeks did, and Tamagno at least needs no contrivance to strengthen his voice. But the art is the same in essence, so far as our knowledge enables us to judge. Pretty it is not,—how should it be? there are no serenades in Othello—and many people may not like it. That is no condemnation of it or of them. Many people do not care for tragedy, and many more like their music mild. But the grandeur of the effect is undeniable. This very effect, however, shows us the limitations of musical drama. "Otello" is, as opera should be, ordinary drama extended and magnified. But what is gained in size is lost in delicacy. The whole thing is painted in broader lines and brighter

colours. It is impossible for any artist on the operatic stage to act like Salvini; the conditions forbid him; his grand effects are grander, but he necessarily misses the subtle ones.

In conclusion, then, the phenomenal success of "Otello", both here and wherever it has been performed, is due to the unique character of the work. It is a drama of the highest kind, appropriately set to music. But because "Otello" is the highest point yet attained, it does not follow that all operas are to be "Otellos". There is room for the lesser art as well as the greater. We can enjoy fun and romance as well as tragedy. We may shudder at Iago and be crushed by Otello; but we shall still be charmed by "Spirito Gentil," or "Salve Dimora:" we shall still smile at the Barber of Seville and Meister Beckmesser of Nuremberg; we shall still weep with Marguerite and Brünnhilde. As for Italian or any other opera being dead, and the great merit of a certain sagacious manager in reviving it, that is nonsense. The said manager, being a good man of business, perceived that what was dead was not the opera, but merely a bad article at a high price. That is dead and, let us hope, buried.

A. S.



## ARCHIBALD PRENTICE.

A PAGE IN THE HISTORY OF JOURNALISM.

In the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, situated right in the centre as it were of a natural amphitheatre of hills through which the river Clyde placidly winds its way past the town of Lanark to its Falls, stands the farm-house of Covington Mains. It is one of those delightfully old-fashioned buildings with low ceilings and general air of snugness abhorrent no doubt to the minds of sanitary inspectors, but which even sanitary inspectors would perhaps allow to be not without its compensatory advantages as in the long wintry nights, comfortably seated in the wainscoted parlour or round the blazing kitchen fire, one listened to the wind as it rushed down the side of Tinto, whistling among the trees in the park or roaring among the chimney-tops, reminding one of the snow-clad hills and the bleak moorlands beyond. Hardly a stone's throw from the front door stands the "Auld Tower", the substantial ruins of an old keep or castle, built, so tradition says, by Lindsay of Covington in the year of grace 1442, whose walls, even yet in some places ten feet in thickness, tell of times when

Tooming faulds, or sweeping of a glen  
Had still been held the deeds of gallant  
men.

True it was not till 1750 that Archibald Prentice's grandfather, David, a douce, quiet man, and a subscriber to the "Gentleman's Magazine", a notable thing in a man of his station in those days, removed with his fair wife, Agnes, daughter of Alexander Reid of Covenanting memory, from the bare uplands of Knowknowton, where even oats did not always ripen, to the lower and milder level of the Clyde at

Covington. Nevertheless the influence of historic memories such as the old tower conveyed was not likely to be lost upon Archibald, who remembered with pride how one of his ancestors, Sir John Prentice, the laird of Thorn, had fought with General Lockhart under the Commonwealth, and how more recently his great-grandfather, Archibald of Staine, had played a stout part in the conflict at Bothwell Bridge. David Prentice, the grandfather, died in 1756, and was succeeded by his younger son, Archibald, who in 1763 married for his wife the beautiful daughter of his uncle, Thomas Prentice of Hinchilwood. An admirable specimen of the Scottish yeoman of the last century, hard-headed, industrious, religious, somewhat austere, he ruled his household with a despotism which affection and respect on the part of the ruled made light and easy.

Among the numerous visitors who at different times enjoyed the plain but hearty hospitality of the Mains was Robert Burns himself, when on his way to push his fortunes in Edinburgh about the end of 1786. His advent was eagerly expected, and his visit long remembered by the farmers in the neighbourhood. They had all read with delight the poems he had published, and were anxious to see the ploughman who had as it were shed a halo of glory around them as well as himself. Accordingly they were invited by the "gudeman of the Mains" to meet him at a late dinner, the signal of his arrival being a white sheet attached to a pitchfork fixed on the top of a corn-stack in the barn-yard. "At length", says Prentice, recounting the incident in a letter to Professor John Wilson, "Burns arrived mounted

on a pownie, borrowed of Mr. Dalrymple of Orangefield, near Ayr. Instantly was the white flag hoisted, and as instantly were seen the farmers issuing from their houses and converging to the point of meeting. A glorious evening, or rather night, which borrowed something from the morning, followed, and the conversation of the poet confirmed and increased the admiration created by his writings". Next morning, after breakfasting with a large party at a neighbouring farmhouse, Burns departed for Edinburgh on his "pownie", which he afterwards returned to its owner by John Samson, brother of the immortal "Tam", with a letter to Mr. Reid of Barquharry, a friend of the Prentices, in which he expressed the pleasure he had experienced in meeting his friends at Covington. "No words", he said "can do justice to Mr. Prentice. Plain warm hospitality and strong sound sense are truly his".

In 1773 Archibald's first wife died, and in 1780 he married Helen, daughter of John Stoddart of the Bank, a farm in the parish of Carnwath. Of the seven children of this marriage, the youngest but one, Archibald, the subject of this sketch, was born in December, 1792.

At the age of six he was sent to the parish school where, under a dominie who possessed every qualification for his office except a knowledge of the art of teaching, he learnt as much or as little as a thoughtless schoolboy was likely to learn. Fortunately, however, he was not wholly dependent for his education on what he learnt at school. His father seldom taught directly, but, in the opinion of his son, he did what was perhaps equally useful—he asked questions and never waited for an answer. Then, when he had learned to read, and when the wet weather prevented him seeking his amusement out of doors, there was the parish library, recently established at the instigation of his father, from which to borrow books. Nor is it without interest for us to learn that

in this family the most generally read and most thoroughly appreciated book was *Don Quixote*. *Sancho Panza* soon became a household word, and at the threshing-mill, the turnip-hoeing, and the shearing, his proverbs were in constant use among the serving-men. But young Prentice, who failed to relish altogether the Squire's humour, was touched to his very soul by the lofty chivalry and noble idealism of the Knight of La Mancha.

Those were happy days at the Mains, and they came to an end all too soon. Before he had completed his twelfth year Prentice was engaged to a Mr. Rankin, a respectable baker in Edinburgh famous for his biscuits. But the preliminary steps in learning the baking-trade, consisting mainly as they did in carrying a heavy load of bread and hot rolls on his head every morning and in taking out and riddling ashes from the oven in the afternoon, proved excessively irksome to him. Some six months after he had been thus employed he received a visit from one of his father's ploughmen, whose disgust at seeing "a son of the gudeman of the Mains riddlin' asse", some of which the apprentice prudently allowed to fall on him, may easily be imagined, when it is remembered that in Lanarkshire no greater degradation could befall a man or boy than the milking of cows or the riddling of ashes. A few days after he received a letter from his father intimating that if he thought he should not like to be a baker he was at liberty to return home. The permission thus guardedly given was not neglected and, having shaken off the dust of the bake-house from his clothes, he was soon back once more at Covington. In the following summer (1805) he, however, again found himself in Edinburgh, this time as the apprentice of a Mr. Samuel Somerville, woollen draper in the Lawn Market. Old Samuel was a bachelor and much "fashed" with his temper, and the young apprentice found no little difficulty in always pleasing him. "Never mind, laddie",

said old Jean Inglis, his master's only servant, when he one day complained to her about him; "there was naebody ever stuck fast in this world but Lot's wife"—a piece of homely philosophy not without its value to him in after life. Meanwhile his father had been persuaded by Mr. Reid of Barquharry that Glasgow with its wholesale manufacturing business presented much better opportunities for an enterprising youth than did shopkeeping Edinburgh, and accordingly, after having served his three years' apprenticeship with Somerville, he was invited to stay at Fergushill until an opening in some warehouse presented itself. Reid, who had been the means of introducing Burns to the people at Covington, was a person of some consequence in his locality. He had two large farms in his own holding, besides being factor to the Earl of Eglinton with a salary of £500 a year and a good old-fashioned house, a few fields and a large orchard on the north side of Eglinton Park rent free. To him young Prentice was of some little service in reading his letters, docketing them and answering the less important.

Among those which it was his fortune to read was one from Burns's

Rough, rude, ready-witted Rankin,  
The wale of cocks for fun and drinkin'.

Poor fellow! His fun and drinking had reduced him to poverty, and the letter, in which there was some wit of the roughest nature, was to acknowledge the receipt of £20 which the Earl allowed him as an annual pension. Baillie Greenshields and Tam Samson's brother, John, two other of Burns's old Kilmarnock cronies, were frequent visitors at Fergushill. The Baillie's dinner dress was yellow buckskin breeches and white-topped boots, and the usual invitation to him ran: "DEAR BAILLIE,—The leather breeks and tap boots on Thursday.—G. R."

For the rest, young Prentice found the time glide away so pleasantly in

the constant company of Miss Reid, whom he regarded with mingled feelings of boyish admiration and of devotion such as Don Quixote felt for the Duchess, that it was not without a pang of regret that he heard that a situation had at last been secured for him in the warehouse of Mr. Grahame, brother of James Grahame the poet.

He was soon at work among the "creeshie weavers" at a salary of £15 a year, and before long was promoted to the counting-house. Two rather remarkable men had preceded him as book-keeper. The first was Burns's celebrated Dr. Hornbook ("Jock Hornbook i' the clachan"); and Hornbook's successor was John Young, a facetious and very clever fellow, apt however at times to allow his work to fall into arrears. He afterwards became known to the world as Dr. John Young, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Belfast Institution.

Prentice had hardly completed his second year's apprenticeship when he was appointed traveller to the house in England. The proposal nearly took away his breath. To be elevated to the high and mighty profession of bagman, and that after only two years' apprenticeship! But Thomas Grahame had not formed his opinion rashly. And to Prentice's objection that he was too young, too inexperienced, too diffident and not smart enough to hold his own with his fellow bagmen, he replied that he was the best judge of his capabilities, and forthwith cancelled his indentures and gave him a salary of £80 a year, to be increased if the expectations formed of him were realized. After all, the bagmen, or representatives as they preferred to style themselves, proved to be not such dreadfully wild fowl as he had been led to imagine. Collectively they were formidable, great at table, oracular in speech, men who had seen the world and knew it, not to be tackled except when now and then one was caught singly, when it was discovered that some of them were after all mere wind-bags. An anecd-

dote, which Prentice used to relate with great glee, illustrates pretty accurately the kind of men among whom he was thrown at this time, though a *rara avis* like Richard Cobden would sometimes spring from their midst and astonish the world.

One evening, after having supped in company with some eight or ten of them at the Old Swan in Market Street, Manchester, a dashing young man from Nottingham in buckskin shorts and boots with immaculate tops, suggestive of a profound acquaintance with the use of oxalic acid, and who perhaps from that practical application had studied chemistry, was dilating eloquently, much to the edification of the company, on that science, when the door was opened and a tall person entered, who humbly took his seat at a round table in a corner of the room. I whispered our chairman to ask him to take his seat with us. "No, no", he replied; "he is only some Owdham fellow". But the appearance of the stranger was not that of a country manufacturer. He seemed to be about twenty-eight years of age, with a profusion of light hair flowing loosely and rather wildly. He was dressed in a drab shooting-jacket, a reddish waistcoat, drab shorts and long yellow gaiters, and might have passed for a well-to-do farmer or miller, or perhaps one of the smaller class of gentry not very careful of the fashions of the day. He sat listening very attentively to the discourse, and then said: "Gentlemen, I live in a country place and have seldom an opportunity of listening to such intellectual conversation, and would esteem it a favour if you would allow me to take a seat at your table". The request couched in such terms was of course acceded to, and he was graciously installed as one of our company. The discourse on chemistry proceeded. The stranger now and then begged a little explanation, deferentially, almost humbly, hoped he was not troublesome, but he liked to add to his small stock of knowledge, and so went on asking apparently simple questions until he brought the unfortunate bagman to the end of his tether, which was not a very long one. The discomfited took himself off to bed, and was soon followed by the rest, one of them remarking, *sotto voce*, as he passed me, that the fellow knew more than he professed. I saw he did, and said to him: "They have left us alone, Sir; shall we have another glass of brandy and water together?" "With

all my heart", said he. The conversation from science went to literature, from general literature to poetry, from poetry to poets, from Burns to Scott and from Scott to Grahame. The stranger pronounced a beautifully discriminate eulogium on Grahame's "Sabbath". When he had done I looked him in the face and said, "You are John Wilson". "How the deuce", said he, "did you find that out, young bagman?" I rose and went to my driving-box which was in the room, and laid before him "A Monody on James Grahame", by John Wilson [it will be remembered that the lines on Grahame were published while his "Isle of Palms", Wilson's first published volume, was passing through the press, and that consequently at that time he was quite unknown to the public], which I had received by post that morning from my master, who was Grahame's brother. "Ah!" said he, "an acute young fellow you are for a bagman. Shall we have another glass of brandy and water?" I had no objection, but the bar was locked. "Then bring us", called Wilson to the waiter, "a bucket of cold water and bedroom candles, and we will break up when we like". Three o'clock struck. "I am going by a Yorkshire coach at six o'clock", said Wilson; "it is no use going to bed now, will you see me off?" "Certainly I will", said I, and I saw him off; but I made no note of that night and morning's talk. I wish I had, for there was in Wilson's conversation all the extravagance and all the beauty of the "Lights and Shadows" of Christopher North.

In 1813, while staying at the White Horse Hotel at Leeds, he made the acquaintance of another remarkable man, whose appearance constantly reminded him of Burns's lines,

Auld carline nature,  
To make amends for scrimpit stature  
Had stamped the man on ilka feature.

It was John Childs, printer, of Bungay in Suffolk. The acquaintance soon ripened into a warm and intimate friendship, which lasted without interruption until the death of Childs in 1853. He had gained a new friend just when he lost an old one. A few weeks afterwards his father died. The first death in the family, it affected him very much. "I often dream", he said many years later, "of that

noble old man, but always of him as alive and talking to me across the table in the wainscoted room at Covington". In 1815 Thomas Grahame, acting upon Prentice's advice, removed his business from Glasgow to Manchester, and a few weeks after the completion of his five years' apprenticeship Prentice found himself installed in No. 1 Peel Street as the partner of his former master.

These, it will be remembered, were the days of Lord Sidmouth and "wholesome severity", of corn laws and dear bread; of government spies and agricultural distress; of selfishness and imbecility in high places, and of misery and brutality among the masses. That Lancashire suffered little from the spy-fomented risings that convulsed Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire was almost entirely due to the exertions of the Manchester Reformers of that time, "a small but determined band", as Richard Potter used to call them. At this time there existed in Manchester a small weekly paper, known as "*Cowdroy's Gazette*", exercising considerable influence among the more intelligent working-men in the neighbourhood, but, like other provincial papers of the day, containing little more than an abstract of what had appeared during the week in the London journals. The importance, however, of the *Gazette* as an organ for the propagation of reform principles was quickly recognized by Prentice, and he and several others contributed frequent articles to it, which Cowdroy, a stout-hearted, honest man, gladly printed, bravely undertaking the risk of giving utterance to opinions most unpalatable to the powers that were. Nor was the danger he ran an imaginary one, as may be gathered from the fact that the members of the Manchester Literary Society, like the members of the Liverpool Roscoe Society in the days of Pitt and the French Revolution, thought it advisable to suspend their meetings and to relegate their discussions on questions of literature and

political economy to their own firesides. Not being able to close their eyes to the distress around them, and despairing of any real attempt on the part of the Government to remedy or alleviate it, the position of the reformers became so uncomfortable that some of the younger and more ardent of them (like other clever young men before them) seriously contemplated emigrating to one of the western states of the American Union, where it was proposed to form a joint-stock company and purchase a tract of land in Ohio, lying along some stream emptying itself into a navigable river. "It was a pleasant dream", wrote Prentice many years after, "this imagination of a tract some fifty or sixty miles in length by four in breadth gradually filling up with intelligent men, enjoying the rude plenty of the new world with the civilization of the old! Ourselves sitting under our own vines and our own fig-trees, planted with our own hands, surveying the golden wheat waving on land turned up by our own hard labour or directing care, and offering an asylum, amongst us and around us, to the oppressed of our native land". But the whisperings of conscience that something ought first to be done prevailed. Perhaps too the fact that he had about this time (June 3rd, 1819) married the daughter of Mr. James Thomson of Oatridge near Linlithgow, an old friend of his father's, had something to do with his own decision in this respect. The want, however, of some more efficient organ than "*Cowdroy's Gazette*" was keenly felt by the reformers, and Prentice, after having consulted with his cousin, the editor of "*The Glasgow Chronicle*", and several other experienced editors, became convinced that a thorough-going radical paper was not only possible in Manchester but that it might also be made profitable.

The plan was mooted, and in May, 1821, "*The Manchester Guardian*" was started on its future prosperous career under the editorship of Mr. John



Edward Taylor. But bitter disappointment was in store for the more advanced reformers. Taylor, whose political principles were in their opinion of rather a lukewarm description, soon abandoned the arduous task of preaching unpalatable reforms, and took up his abode in the convenient half-way house of Whiggery. This apostasy of "The Guardian", for so it was regarded, created considerable dissatisfaction among a number of gentlemen who had been mainly instrumental in its establishment, and Prentice, whose predilection for journalism had been cordially recognized by his friends, was advised to purchase "Cowdroy's Gazette" and start an opposition paper.

Accordingly in June, 1824, the first number of "The Manchester Gazette" appeared, and soon won for itself a high, if not the highest, place among the provincial papers of the day. The year 1826, however, was one of great commercial depression, and among the houses that went to the wall was one that had opened a credit for him with a bank at the time he purchased his paper. The accident happened most unfortunately, for "The Gazette" had already begun to make its way, and promised speedily to become a good property. Finding bankruptcy inevitable, he on January 12th, 1828, issued an address to his readers, in which he set forth plainly and honestly the facts of the case. There was a very general expression of sympathy for him, and "The Gazette" passing out of his hands to be incorporated with "The Manchester Times" he was asked to take the entire management of the new paper, the first number of which appeared on October 17th, 1828.

As an editor Prentice frequently offended against the generally recognized notions of newspaper propriety. He would quote passages from any writer, sometimes even whole articles, which seemed to him particularly appropriate or likely to promote the cause he was advocating. For this he was loudly denounced by

his more strait-laced contemporaries. His insertion of the best of Cobbett's articles at one time called forth quite a storm of protests, and he was pestered with letters warning him to desist from doing what scarcely any other journalist did. But he went on his own way, fearlessly advocating what he knew to be true, utterly regardless of what hornet's nest he might pull about his ears. His friends, Dr. Bowring, at that time editor of "The Westminster Review", and Colonel Thompson, of whose "Anti-Corn-Law-Catechism" he distributed four thousand copies with his paper, encouraged him and sent him their own articles. The Tories became alarmed at the progress Manchester was making towards reform and seized the opportunity presented by his denunciation of a certain Captain Grimshaw, who he asserted was accustomed to give indecent toasts at public dinners, to institute proceedings against him for libel.

Fortified by his extensive knowledge of the principles of English law, and the sagacious counsels of Bentham, Prentice defended himself. His victory was complete, and congratulations poured in from all quarters. A number of gentlemen desirous of expressing their sense of the stand made by him against judge-made law presented him with a splendid silver snuff-box bearing the inscription "Presented to Archibald Prentice of Manchester, Labourer, by one hundred of his fellow-labourers". In the indictment he had been termed a "labourer", and in his address to the jury he had said, using the words of Jeremy Bentham, "Yes! a labourer I am in a certain sense and I glory in so being. A labourer I am and a labourer I have long been in the field of parliamentary reform; and for my labours in that field, rather than for any injury to Captain Grimshaw, I suspect I owe my appearance before you to-day". But the compliment that pleased him best was a letter of congratulation from Bentham himself.



Of Bentham's writings he had long been a devoted admirer, and shortly before his trial he had the pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of the venerable jurist and of walking with him in Milton's garden. But when he saw him the oil was fast wasting in the lamp which had burned so long and so brightly. He died on the day before the Reform Bill passed, and he knew it was to pass.

Towards the close of 1836 an Anti-Corn-Law Association had been founded in London mainly by the influence of Joseph Hume and other parliamentary radicals; but London, for reasons which are too patent to need explanation, proved utterly worthless as the centre of an agitation necessary for the destruction of such a powerful monopoly as was secured by the corn-laws. The circumstance which transferred the agitation from London to Manchester might, humanly speaking, be reckoned an accident. Early in September, 1838, Dr. Bowring returned from a commercial mission in Egypt and Turkey, and Prentice, having been informed that he was about to pass through Manchester to visit his constituents at Blackburn, hastily invited a number of prominent Manchester men to meet him at the York Hotel. About sixty responded to the invitation and Prentice was called to the chair. Bowring's speech created great enthusiasm, and Mr. James Howie having suggested that the assembly should form itself into an association for the repeal of the corn-laws and the proposal being well received, Prentice invited all who were favourable to the object to meet at the same place on the following Monday fortnight. Accordingly on Monday, September 24th, there assembled in the same room Edward Baxter, W. A. Cunningham, Andrew Dalziel, James Howie, James Leslie, Archibald Prentice, and Philip Thomson. "These seven men", says Bastiat, "with that manly determination which characterizes the Anglo-Saxon race, resolved to

overturn every monopoly by legal means and accomplish without disturbance, without effusion of blood, simply by the power of opinion, a revolution as profound, perhaps more profound than that which our forefathers worked to effect in 1789." Such were the small beginnings out of which sprang the mighty Anti-Corn-Law League. From the very first day Prentice threw himself heart and soul into the agitation. "I resolved", he said, "that my pen should allow no landlord fallacy to appear unanswered and that my paper should be devoted to record the proceedings of the new movement,—not as its organ but as an independent coadjutor in the good work. Hence an occupation of space for eight years, more probably than any weekly newspaper ever devoted to a single subject. During that long struggle I was often told that it would be more to my interest if I made 'The Manchester Times' more of a newspaper. It mattered not. If journalism was not to effect public good it was not the employment for me; and now, at the end of fourteen years, calmly looking back upon the past, I not only do not regret the course which I took but am deeply thankful that no temptation induced me to swerve from a straightforward and, as I believed, a righteous purpose."

At last, in 1846, when the long campaign had come to an end, and the laws to prevent the free importation of corn were prospectively repealed, it was thought fitting that out of the surplus funds of the League some slight recognition of their services ought to be made to the members of the Executive Committee. The testimonial took the form of a silver service of tea and coffee of two hundred and forty ounces, and was in its way a handsome present. But to Childs, who knew how much the League had been indebted in its infancy to the single-minded zeal of Prentice, and how he had worn himself out in its service, this piece of plate seemed almost an insult, considering the hand-

some presents that were then on foot for Cobden and Bright. "You might as well have given him a pig's tail", he exclaimed to John Brooks. Prentice, however, merely laughed at this characteristic outburst of indignation. "A man who goes about complaining that he is misunderstood and ill-used", he said, "is generally a worthless sort of fellow". Nevertheless Childs was not so very far wide of the mark after all. Nor were his strictures on the Anti-Corn-Law movement—that it had cultivated a mercenary spirit in Manchester men, and that there was a very great deal that was unlovely about it—to be dismissed as a libel. That Prentice should have gained nothing, but on the contrary have lost considerably in a pecuniary sense by the movement, was what might have been inferred from the beginning. His support, though constant and earnest, was not to be bought. His paper, he declared, was not an organ to be at the bidding of any class or party.

This of course was quixotic, and the result of it was that in 1845 a company was started to run another radical paper in Manchester wholly devoted to the manufacturing interest. This was "The Manchester Examiner", the first number of which, under the management of Thomas Ballantyne, appeared on January 10th, 1846.

It proved a serious blow to the older paper, and naturally roused Childs's indignation to boiling point. Writing to Colonel Thompson in May, 1846, he complained bitterly about it, and to Thompson's reply, that he had heard that Prentice was not active enough, he said: "The complaint that you have heard that Prentice was not active is just the point a cunning man, who had benefited by him and wanted no more of his help, would alight upon. He is as active as he ever was. He was always. I have known him more than thirty years a faithful, earnest, principled man, and he never forfeited a principle. He was the father, the intellectual and moral guide of the League through its childhood and youth

into manhood, and I should like to know what Cobden and Bright would have done on many a stormy day without him. Shall I say what they would have done without his help? But now that they are become machines for working reform-club tactics, and Prentice does not, as he never did, go in that groove, the insolence of factory-system wealth swaggers in his face with an opposition paper and ten thousand pounds". In 1847 Prentice disposed of his interest in "The Manchester Times", which in the following year was incorporated with "The Examiner" under the joint editorship of Paulton and Ballantyne, and thus terminated his career as a journalist.

The United States had long possessed considerable interest for him, not only because of its democratic institutions, but also because it had become the adopted country of several members of his family, and now having freed himself from his paper he was at liberty to carry out an agreement he had made with John Brooks to accompany him thither in his search for relaxation and health. Of his experiences he has left an interesting and at that time valuable account in his "Tour in the United States", which he printed in a cheap form in order to promote emigration and to be of service to intending emigrants. On his return from America he obtained an appointment in the gas-office of the Manchester Corporation, which enabled him to devote a considerable time to the literary work in which he was then engaged.

But his time and energy were now chiefly devoted to the completion of the "Historical Sketches and Personal Reminiscences of Manchester from 1792 to 1832", a considerable portion of which had already been printed in the columns of "The Manchester Times" in 1847-48. The "Sketches" were published in 1851, with a dedication to his cousins Elizabeth, Agnes, and Beatrice Prentice, sisters of David Prentice, the founder in 1811 and, until his death in 1837, the editor of

"The Glasgow Chronicle". The book, which is very good reading, having been well received, he immediately devoted himself to the preparation of the "History of the Anti-Corn-Law League", which was dedicated to John Childs and published in 1853. Carlyle, to whom he sent a copy, replied in the following characteristically kind letter, which may serve in lieu of further criticism :

CHELSEA, 11 Nov., 1853.

DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for the second and final volume of your History of the League, which along with an agreeable letter from your hand, arrived the night before last. You have done a good work in putting down, in an authentic condensed form, for the use of contemporaries or of posterity who may be interested in it, the particulars of that important Adventure,—the successful revolt of the shuttle and steam-engine against the shot-bolt and double barrel : which will unquestionably make an epoch in British history ; tho' I fear, it is by no means the end of the Battle either ! Alas, already the Hudsons, etc., are uglier than any Dukes we have ever had ; and there are battles fiercer than ever still ahead of us for very life or what is better ! Meanwhile you, as I say, have done manfully and well, in your part of the affair ; you individually, I believe, kindled that League into being ; and you now record with a certain rough veracity and energy which I much like, the victories it gained in this world. Whatever is to follow next, all men owe you their thanks—and surely I in particular. Alas, poor Childs cannot read this volume ; he is gone out of the struggle : may all the brave go as honourably. With many thanks and regards I remain,

Yours sincerely,  
T. CARLYLE.

For many years Prentice had been sadly convinced of the ruinous consequences and fatal fascination which drink had for the English labourer, and had gradually from an advocate of temperance principles become a fervent apostle of total abstinence. On the formation of the Manchester Temperance League in 1857 he accepted the post of treasurer, and one of the last lectures he ever delivered was on the bacchanalian songs of Robert Burns. Nevertheless his principles did not interfere with his enjoyment of society. Wherever he went he was always a welcome guest, and no one tired of listening to the anecdotes of "witty Archibald Prentice", who, it was said, was as intimately acquainted with the stories and mysteries of the green-room as he was with the springs of public politics.

In 1853 a number of his friends and admirers, desirous of securing comfort for him and his wife during their declining years, had purchased him an annuity of about one hundred pounds. But he was not long permitted to enjoy this substantial token of their affection, for on Tuesday, December 22nd, 1857, he was seized with paralysis resulting from congestion of the brain, and on the following Thursday he passed quietly away in his sixty-seventh year, after a life unselfishly devoted to the amelioration of the lot of his fellow-men. His widow survived him for many years ; but they now lie side by side in the Rusholme Road cemetery at Manchester.

R. DUNLOP.

## A SCHOLASTIC ISLAND.

AN island almost entirely given up to education is about the last thing one would expect to find in the Levant; nevertheless in the Sea of Marmora, about ten miles from Constantinople and within sight of its many minarets, such an anomaly exists and flourishes exceedingly. The island is called "Chalki" by the Greeks, and "Saddlebags" by the Turks from its resemblance to those indispensable adjuncts to Eastern travel when suspended from the back of a mule.

Chalki is one of the Princes Islands, close to that unfortunate rock on which Henry Bulwer wrecked his diplomatic career, and this curious development of educational establishments upon it is due to the fact that these Princes Islands have for centuries enjoyed comparative tranquillity, and immunity from those political catastrophes which have well-nigh ruined the rest of Turkey. They have in their seagirt strength been a haven for peace-loving Greeks and other nationalities ever since Mahomet the Second gave them a species of Home Rule which still exists; that is to say, they govern themselves by municipal bodies of their own, they are exceedingly lightly taxed, and they carry out their own improvements after a Western fashion which appears quite out of character in the Levant. These favourable circumstances have combined to make Prinkipo, the largest of the group, the favourite retreat of the merchants of Constantinople, and hence a perfect insular Babel, as may be judged from the fact that in fourteen adjoining villas fourteen different tongues are spoken. These well-to-do men have combined to make their island comfortable in every way: they have just constructed a road, eight miles long, which goes the circuit of their island, and their villas have all the modern

improvements, from electric bells to fashionable wall-papers; whereas Chalki, the second island in point of size, is entirely given up to education, and possesses two celebrated institutions, namely the commercial and theological colleges, which provide for the young Greeks of Constantinople the best education that can be got in Turkey.

Intent on making a study of these, we took the island-steamer which dropped us at the small port of Chalki, a thriving wood-built village bristling with cafes and restaurants to entrap summer pleasure-seekers from the capital. But our business was not with these, so forthwith we started along an excellent road through the pine forest and up a gentle slope to visit the large Greek commercial school, which is built on the site of an old monastery dedicated to the Virgin, nestling in a hollow amongst the pines overhanging the sea.

During this century educational activity has been marked amongst the modern Hellenes, and two incentives to jealousy are said to have driven the Greek merchants of Constantinople to endow this gigantic school at which their children could receive a first-rate commercial education; the first incentive being the great educational development in Free Hellas and the university lately erected at Athens, whilst the second was the American institution at Robert College which initiated the same course for the Christians in Turkey. Be this as it may, the merchants of Constantinople joined together, bought out, at a reasonably cheap sum, the monks of the monastery of Panagia in Chalki, and erected the hideous building we were about to visit, a perfect eyecore in one of Nature's most favoured nooks.

The boys were pouring out of their

common-room, where masters and pupils dine together, as we approached, and were tumbling over one another and playing in the large quadrangle just as English boys would do; but as we stood and watched them the contrast between these Levantines and our own boys at home struck us forcibly. They were for the most part swarthy and puny, precocious and ill-countenanced: even the young ones showed a sufficiency of moustache and whiskers to cause any English young man of twenty a keen spasm of jealousy; and there can be no doubt of this precocity when you peruse the rules drawn up for their observance; one canon forbids them the use of "aromatic oils, and other aids to beauty"; another forbids all correspondence save with parents and guardians; no pocket-money is allowed, no novels, no box with a lock and key; and there is also a strict rule, pointing to the commercial capacity of these youngsters, which visits with condign punishment those who sell, exchange, or otherwise make away with their clothes, the wardrobe-keeper having strict orders to keep a book notifying therein the belongings of each, and to see to their regular return.

Our arrival at this juncture was most opportune, for it enabled us to have a long talk with the head-master, anent the management of his school, while his pupils were at play. At the present moment he has one hundred and fifty pupils, sons of the principal Greek families in Turkey, the future leaders of the Greek nationality in the Eastern capital; he is responsible to a governing-body (*ἐφορία*) for the management of the establishment, and the maintenance of the rules they have drawn up not only for pupils but for masters. Some of these rules for the under-masters struck me as peculiarly severe: they are obliged to eat, sleep and walk with the boys, to go to bed half-an-hour after, and to get up half-an-hour before them, which must be a serious consideration, since the big bell for all to rise is rung at five winter and summer (except on saints' days, when

half-an-hour's law is given), and nine is the general hour for retiring to rest. During the day the preceptors are allowed two hours for repose and solitude; for the rest of the time a master at Chalki school has nothing to expect but turmoil and publicity.

The cost of education at Chalki is fifty Turkish pounds a year including everything, save the iron bedstead, the mattress and the necessities which each boy brings with him. I made inquiries concerning punishments, judging from the appearance of the boys that stringent measures must frequently be necessary, and was surprised to learn that corporal punishment is never resorted to, only imprisonment and expulsion. The holidays consist only of two months in the summer; but boys may go away for the "season of twelve days" at Christmas, if they have been good, and can get leave.

The most interesting part of our conversation with the head-master was on the subject of the classes and the course of education pursued. It was amusing to investigate how a Greek teaches Greek, and how a Greek boy learns the first elements of that commerce in which he will doubtless become so expert in after life. There are eight separate classes at Chalki, of which the most elementary, for boys of eight, teaches only modern Greek, prose and poetry, besides the elements of mathematics, French, geography, and the Fine Arts. The second class introduces some simple phrases in ancient Greek for parsing, commences natural science, and teaches Roman and Byzantine history. The third class aspires to Xenophon, and the fourth brings into the course of studies elementary Latin phrases and Greek history. On reaching the fifth class the pupil is introduced to Plato, and commences his commercial education with book-keeping, and also adds Turkish to the list of his studies. The sixth class learns Demostenes, Thucydides, Herodotus and Homer, also logarithms and shorthand. The

seventh class composes Greek verses in the ancient tongue, and adds to the other abstruse subjects, physical science, dynamics, and modern history with special reference to the Eastern Question. I was beginning to wonder what could possibly be left for the top class to learn, when the head-master abruptly concluded by stating that his finished scholars aimed at perfection in the foregoing subjects, and only added to the list logic and political economy.

I expressed surprise at the little attention given to modern languages except French and Turkish in a course which professes to be commercial, but the master told me that the young Greeks of Constantinople are born polyglots. English and German may be learnt as extras, but French was the only language they cared to teach classically and accurately.

We then discussed lighter subjects, and he told us an amusing story about that *bête noire* of education in Turkey, the censor of the press, Midhat Pasha, whose restrictions in most cases are puerile in the extreme. He had, he told me, lately sent to England for a consignment of Shakespeares for the use of the boys who learnt "extra English." These the censor looked at with critical eyes, and at once forbade the teaching of "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," recalling, as they did, in their tragedies the sad fate of Abdul Aziz; but he kindly allowed them to be going on with the "Midsummer Night's Dream" until he had leisure to cast his eyes through the other plays.

We next had a little talk with the *Ecconomos*, or steward, who caters for the boys, and in point of diet we thought there was nothing left to desire. For the rest of the time at our disposal we wandered over the building and saw the class-rooms and the dormitories, which rival in their comfort any at home, and then went to the church, which is very old, an inscription telling us that it had been built by "Maria Comnena, the beloved consort of the Emperor John Palæo-

logus," who was the founder of the monastery. A remarkable but little known man who had great influence at Constantinople in the seventeenth century is buried here. He was a Cypriote Greek, by name Panagiotaki, a great linguist, astronomer, and mathematician, who in his position as dragoman to the Austrian Embassy did great things for Greek freedom. He recovered for his countrymen many of the rights they had lost; he returned to their keeping many of their holy places, restoring at his own expense many of their monasteries, including this one at Chalki, which had been much injured during the taking of Constantinople by the Turks: in short, he did more for the preservation of Hellenism than any one man before or after him, an admirable example for the young Greeks who to-day worship over his grave.

We determined, on leaving the commercial school, to take a long and pleasant walk round the island with a view to driving the cobwebs from our brains before we laid siege to the theological institution. In addition to its scholastic reputation, Chalki has also become renowned as the retreat of hermits. Some years ago a wealthy Greek merchant, Antonios Seimas by name, was lost from his home and his office in Constantinople. After searching for him high and low, with no result, his wife and family began to fear that he had been spirited away by evilly designed persons (like Alexander Patoff in Mr. Marion Crawford's tale) when news came that he had been discovered in hermit's garb on the top of the hill at Chalki. He refused all entreaties to return to his home and his ordinary life, and, handing over his worldly goods to his wife for her consolation, remained where he was till his death, which occurred four years ago, a strict ascetic in his cell. His example was followed by several others who had grown weary of this world's vanities, and to the cell of one of these, Arsenios by name, we went.



The comfort that these latter-day ascetics indulge in was remarkably different from all one's preconceived ideas of the life of those men who, poorly clad and eating nothing but herbs, remain exposed to all the changes of weather for righteousness' sake. On the contrary, the holy Arsenios has built himself a most comfortable house. In his guest-chamber where he received me was a soft divan, before which stood a nice warm brazier of charcoal, for the day was cold; the adjoining room served him for a dining-room, and a third chamber was his church, where he performs his penances and nocturnal vigils. Verily the life of an anchorite of the nineteenth century is not so bad after all, for many guests visit him in summer, and all the year round he enjoys from his windows a view of excessive loveliness over the Sea of Marmora dotted with islands, with the snow-capped heights of the Mysian Olympus for a background.

Up on the hill above Arsenios, in the cell of the runaway husband, lives now another hermit, but time would not permit us to visit him; so keeping down by the shore we skirted a lovely little bay, where a lot of wooden erections mark the spot where in summer-time the poorer inhabitants of Constantinople repair with their beds and their cooking utensils to take sea-baths. All around the pine-trees murmured softly in the breeze, and the rich redness of the soil told us that we were near the copper mines which in former ages gained for Chalki its reputation and its name. We returned to the village for refreshment, and then proceeded to lay siege to the second of Chalki's celebrated scholastic institutions, the theological college.

Given in full the establishment rejoices in the name of "The Theological College of the Great Church of Christ," and it is not only the leading institution of its kind in Turkey, but also the oldest in the Orthodox Church, dating from Byzantine times. It is

supported, says the prospectus, by "the gifts and offerings of education-loving Christians," and the governing-body is under the immediate supervision of the Patriarch of Constantinople and the Holy Synod; while the direction of the school itself is placed in the hands of a principal appointed by the Patriarch, who must be ordained and a man of "recognized virtue and probity."

The college is a large monastic building crowning a wooded eminence; its roof is red and its walls are yellow, and it is most picturesquely buried in tall pines, cypresses and fine old olive trees. Inscribed over the porch are some doggerel verses in modern Greek, which welcome the stranger to "the sacred island of the Propontis, the seat of theological learning." In the eyes of the Orthodox Church Chalki is quite hallowed ground, not only on account of this theological monastery, but also because as many as ten of the Patriarchs of Constantinople have been buried therein.

On entering the courtyard we sent at once to the Principal, but as he was engaged for the moment with his scholars we had a little time at our disposal for examining the courtyard and the cells around it, constructed on the lines of a monastery. In the centre stood the little church which is exceedingly rich in carvings, sacred pictures, and the usual decorative paraphernalia of a Greek church: it is moreover a very old edifice, having been built by one Photios in the ninth, and rebuilt by one Metrophanos in the sixteenth century. This Metrophanos was a man of curious history, who, the son of a tile-maker and born in a small village on the Bosphoros, rose to be successively Archbishop of Cappadocia and Patriarch of Constantinople; of this latter post he was deprived on a charge of simony, which was probably true, as he received on retirement the charge of two dioceses, one of which he sold and lived in the other. Some of the students of the college are always

to be found in this church, busy in the performance of a devotional programme which would satisfy the most ardent ritualist.

On Easter Sunday a curious ceremony is kept up here, a ceremony which they profess to have maintained ever since the days of the apostles, namely that of reading a passage of the Gospel of St. John (xx. 19—24) in as many as twenty-seven different tongues. First they read a paraphrase in iambic and hexameter metres in ancient and modern Greek; then one student after another gets up and reads the verses in Latin, in French, in Italian, in the Balkan languages, in English, in German, &c., and to hear this polyglot performance visitors from all the country round flock to the church, laughing loudly, with the irreverence which characterizes worship in the Orthodox Church, at each fresh linguistic effort, and criticising, if they can, the performer's pronunciation.

The Principal, by name Germanos, received us in a comfortable room when his work was over. He is a handsome, long-bearded, affable man, and willingly consented to satisfy our curiosity concerning the constitution and management of his academy. "The object of our college," he began, with somewhat of a smile, "is for the manufacture of bishops;" a somewhat harsh phrase, we thought, which requires a little explanation. He really meant that young men are educated here on theological principles that, in the first place, they may fill the posts of secretaries and subordinates in connection with episcopal work; and from amongst these the bishops are generally chosen, after they have been affiliated to some monastery and have attained a suitable age and dignity. Students at this college never become common working parish-priests, but belong to that peculiarly exclusive and aristocratic class of divines who rule the Eastern Church, and afford us the curious anomaly of a religious aristocracy

existing where everything else is democratic.

Joachim the Third, the Patriarch of Constantinople, recognized in this system one of the chief evils in the Eastern Church, and did everything he could to break down this barrier and elevate the lower clergy. With this view he established another theological seminary in Chalki, the object of which was to give a sound education to young boys with the ultimate idea of making them parish-priests, and of course the option of choosing another profession when the time came for their ordination. Prejudice, however, and the strict conservatism of the Eastern Church have nullified the good intentions of the Patriarch. Most of the scholars, as they advanced in education, became ambitious, and preferred to try their chances of success in secular work to embracing a profession which offers no promotion. Many commercial institutions in Constantinople, including the Ottoman Bank, have received the pupils educated in Patriarch Joachim's seminary, and opened out to them quite a different line of life from that which was originally intended.

Germanos has ten professors under him, of whom those who teach theology must be ordained, and, inasmuch as they have only fifty pupils to divide amongst them, their work cannot be very arduous. None under the age of eighteen are admitted, nor over the age of twenty-two, and the course must be concluded at the age of twenty-five. The pupils have nothing to pay for their education here, but each must be recommended by the Patriarch in the first instance, and must produce a surety living at Constantinople; and if on attaining the age for ordination he is not willing to take the holy vows, either he or his surety must produce the sum of fifteen Turkish pounds for each year he has passed at the college. This rule does not hold good, however, in the case of those who have developed chronic or organic disease during the course of their stay, for the Eastern

Church refuses to ordain any one thus afflicted.

The dress of the pupils is monastic, and has, together with certain other things, to be provided by the student on his arrival. Principal Germanos handed me a list of the requisites which each youth must bring with him; besides his cassock and his tall hat, the list requires him to bring the furniture of his cell (a table, chair, and bed), two nightcaps, four pocket-handkerchiefs, and books for his own reading, "which do not militate against Piety, the Turkish Government, and Good Breeding."

As compared with the educational system at the commercial college the theological one is old-world and useless. The young men spend weary hours in pouring over treatises on heresies, the histories of the many councils, the disputes of the Eastern and Western Churches; and very little attention is paid to the larger fields of studies in which the young merchants are brought up. They learn classical Greek, it is true, and Byzantine history; but as for lessons in higher mathematics, modern languages and other subjects of modern improvement, they are conspicuous only by their absence in this academy.

Even at their meals these embryo bishops are not allowed to eat in peace without the relish of some dogmatic work, for it is a rule of the establishment that at their common dinner "each pupil in turn shall read in a loud voice from some ecclesiastical book, appointed by the Principal." As for religious observances in the church, they are never-ending, and in Lent most of their time is spent in keeping them. Of course the many fasts inculcated by the Eastern Church are here observed with the strictest regularity, and all private eating, drinking or smoking is forbidden—a state of affairs which, I fancy, few young men in our country between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five would tolerate. Although abstinence

in nearly every form has been practised in the Eastern Church, strange to say the teetotal-mania has not as yet found its way there. The students at this college are given wine at all their meals, wine made in vineyards on the mainland opposite belonging to the college; and at the autumnal vintage the Principal solemnly blesses the new wine when it is safely stored in the cellars. Habitual drunkenness is almost unknown in the Levant; and if our divines would try the experiment of blessing wine instead of cursing it, perhaps more satisfactory results might be obtained.

We took leave of Germanos and descended once more to the village, where we had a little time to wait before the island-steamer passed on its return to Constantinople. It would seem as if the fever of education had well-nigh consumed Chalki and would turn it ere long into an insular Oxford, for down by the harbour the Turks have chosen to build their naval college, and here too young Moslems are educated to hold posts in the Turkish navy. Here it was that Woods Pasha lectured to the students, and tried to infuse into the youthful brains of this retrograde race some knowledge of explosives and torpedo-warfare; but now, I hear, they do not admit foreign professors, and plunge on in their own ignorance as best they may. As it was only last year that a properly equipped training-ship was provided for the college, and as the Sultan, doubtless from prudential motives, has forbidden that the pupils should be instructed in the mysteries of search by electric light, it is doubtful if the young mariners of Chalki will be up to the standard of modern requirements. This college nevertheless is a very imposing building as seen from the sea; it has its own mosque and its own minaret, and moreover possesses the now historical room in which after the Crimean war the officers of the allied armies gave a ball.

J. THEODORE BENT.

## ENGLISH BIRDS OF PREY.

THE Cumbrian Lake District is not the primitive spot it once was. As tourists have invaded it, the eagles and larger birds of prey have left their haunts. The spots which knew the wild white cattle, bears, wolves, and beavers, know them no more, and by the working of a great natural law these have become extinct. But if the invasions of a utilitarian age have rid us of the eagles, yet they occasionally pay us a passing visit in their majestic flights. The Raptors among birds are what kings and princes are among men; they hold sway over a wide area, and suffer no intrusion—the Raptors, with their clean-cut figures, their bold dash, and glorious eyes!

The Lake hills long offered an asylum not only to eagles, but to all the larger birds of prey, and these commonly built among them. Wordsworth and John Wilson mention the Golden Eagle as breeding in the Lake District; and in their journals Gray the poet and Davy speak—the one of seeing an eyrie robbed, and the other of watching the birds themselves. De Quincey has also a note of personal observation. Raven Crag, the high hills above Keswick, Thirlmere, and Borrowdale are sites of former eyries. It is asserted by a shepherd of the district that these eagles during the breeding season destroyed a lamb daily, to say nothing of the carnage on hares, partridge, pheasants, grouse, and the waterfowl that inhabit the lakes. At the places above mentioned the farmers and dalesmen were careful to plunder the eyries, but not without considerable risk of life and limb to the assailant. In one case a man was lowered from the summit of precipitous rocks by a rope of fifty fathoms, and was compelled to defend himself from the attack of the birds during his descent.

Gray graphically describes how the nests were annually plundered, upon one of which occasions he was present. The two species which bred in the district were the White-tailed or Sea, and the Golden Eagle. Wordsworth tells us that they built in one of the precipices overlooking the tarn in a recess of Helvellyn, and that the birds used to wheel and hover over his head as he fished those lonely waters. When we last visited the spot the silence was only broken by the hoarse croaking of a couple of ravens, the sole relics of the original "Red Tarn Club."

An instance is related of an eagle which, having pounced on a shepherd's dog, carried it to a considerable height; but the weight and action of the animal effected a partial liberation, and he left part of his flesh in the eagle's beak. The dog was not killed by the fall; he recovered from his wound, but was so intimidated that he would never go that way again. The son of the owner of the dog shot near Legberthwaite at one of the eagles, which he wounded. This bird was found by a farmer, about a week afterwards, in a state of great exhaustion, the lower mandible having been split and the tongue wedged between the interstices. The bird was captured and kept in confinement, but became so violent that it had ultimately to be destroyed. On the eagles being frequently robbed of their young in Greenup they removed to the opposite side of the crag. At this place they built for two years, but left it for Raven Crag within the Coom, where, after staying a year only, they returned to their ancient seat in Eagle Crag. Here they bred annually during their stay in Borrowdale. On the loss of its mate the other eagle left the district but returned in the following

spring with a fresh one. This pair built during fourteen years, but finally abandoned Borrowdale for Eskdale. Here again they were disturbed, and the female being afterwards shot, the male flew off and returned no more. Eagle Crag is a grand, towering rock, or collection of perpendicular rocks, connected by horizontal spaces of variously coloured vegetation. Its form is fine, and it forms a majestic background to many pleasing scenes. On that part of Eagle Crag which is opposite to Greenup, the eagles occasionally built their nests. But they were so destructive to the lambs, and consequently injurious to the interests of the shepherds, that their extermination became absolutely necessary. Their building-places being inaccessible by climbing, a dangerous experiment was tried. A man was lowered by a rope down the face of the cliff for ninety feet, carrying a piked staff, such as is used by the shepherds, to defend himself against the attacks of the birds while he robbed the nests of eggs or eaglets. If birds, their possession was to be his remuneration; if eggs, every neighbouring farmer gave for each egg five shillings. The nest was formed of branches of trees, and lined with coarse grass and bents which grew upon the neighbouring rocks. The eagles sometimes flew off with lambs a month old, and in winter frequented the head of the Derwent, where they preyed upon water-fowl.

The White-tailed Eagles bred upon the rocks of an escarpment overlooking the sea, and fed upon gulls and terns. The vast peat-mosses which stretched away for miles below abounded with hares and grouse, among which the birds made terrible havoc. Year after year they carried off their young from the same cliffs, but now return only at rare intervals, or when storm-driven.

The Peregrines have the eagles' eyries and are eagles in miniature. The sea-fowl form their food in summer, as do ducks, plover, and game in winter. At this latter season the Osprey, or Fish-hawk, comes to the

bay and the still mountain-tarns, adding wildness to the scenes which his congeners have left never to return.

We are lying on the outskirts of a dark pine-wood interspersed with firs and pines. A large bird has just flown into that clump of trees on the hill-side opposite. There it sits on a dead bough with its mottled breast towards us, and restless head quickly turning from side to side. Against the dark-green foliage we can see the bright orange of its legs, and know it to be a sparrow-hawk. As it flies from the clump a pair of missel-thrushes and a flock of smaller birds follow in its wake, but dare not mob it. It swoops as one approaches too near, glides upward, and pursues its way scarcely deigning to note the screeching crowd. The hawk glides silently into the wood threading its sinuous way through the trees, and takes up its position in the centre. The cooing of wood-pigeons seems to excite it, and it makes a circuit, skimming over the ground at the height of a few yards. Then, as something in the grass attracts it, it beats the air with its rounded wings, and depressing its tail, hangs as if suspended. In a second it falls, just as a lark shoots from a turf to seek the shelter of a thick thorn-hedge. The hawk follows, and beats the bush with its wings, first on one side, then on the other; but the trembling lark cannot be frightened out of its stronghold, and the bird, finding itself baffled, skims along as before. Round and round the wood it flaps, now sweeping low over the trees, and anon hanging motionless. A number of chaffinches are picking among the corn unconscious of the presence of an enemy. Suddenly the hawk darts round the corner of the wood into the midst of the terrified flock, clutches one in its talons, and is off straight and swift across the country, staining with a deeper scarlet the ruffled plumage of its captive.

Let us in imagination follow this bold spirit of the air to some fir-



plantation as it has just left, and there, on the topmost branches of a pine somewhere near the centre of the wood, we shall find its nest. It is bulky, having been repaired annually for years, and somewhat neatly constructed of fir branches. It is nearly flat, and on its edge is the chaffinch, torn limb from limb and cleanly plucked. Those four screaming demons clothed in down are young sparrow-hawks, and never-satisfied things they are, too. We descend the tree, just keeping in mind a rotten bough, and leave the young ones to enjoy their feast. Yonder on an ash-stump sits the female, quietly watching our movements, to return when we are gone.

The spot on which we lie is a haunt of the Kestrel—a perpendicular limestone escarpment which rushes sheer down fifty feet for a mile along its front. Below is a flood of green, patched by the mellow tints of rolling crops. On one hand mosses and silvery sands stretch away far beneath us, and on the other rise the mist-capped peaks of the hills. What a scene of peace and contentment! White farm-houses lie like spots of sunlight on the dark green landscape, each embowered in its clump of sycamores, which serves to shade and keep the dairy cool. A limestone road winds its sinuous way far out among the brown heather, almost as far as the eye can reach. There the green-wash, like liquid silver, flows on until it is lost in the sands to the south. It sees as it goes the haunts of gulls, terns, and herons. Now our attention is attracted by two small blue pigeons that are flying along the base of the cliff. After watching for a moment we know them to be the beautiful Rock-dove from which our domestic stock is descended.

We are lying on the turf when a shadow floats past us. We look up, and there comes the pleasant cry, *Kee, kee, keelie*. Suspended above us and hovering in the wind is the Kestrel. So quickly do its wings vibrate that we can scarce detect the motion as the

bird hangs against the blue. It hovers a while, then flies to a short distance, and is again attracted by a stirring in a tangled tuft of grass and bents. Poising itself for a second, it drops like a stone on closing its wings, which it just slightly expands again as it takes a mouse in its talons and flies off to the cliff. When this morsel has been devoured, the male and female fly from the nest and perform—just for the love of exercise it would seem—a series of aerial evolutions that it would be impossible to describe. The nest in this instance is upon the projecting ledge of a rock midway down the scaur, and protected both from sight and the sea-winds by an old twisted yew.

We are scrambling among the crags in search of Alpine plants when a large bird of prey advances on the wing. At a distance the under parts appear to be white, but the bird flying directly overhead at a height of sixty feet enables us to see distinctly the dark bars across the feathers of the abdomen. Its flight is a sort of flapping motion, not unlike that of the ringdove; and we can see its head turned rapidly in various directions, the eye at the same time peering into the crannies of the rocks and ghylls in search of any skulking prey. The Peregrine is marked by dark streaks proceeding from the corners of its bluish-grey back, and by the transverse bars just mentioned. It will dash through a flock of wild ducks or a covey of partridges, wounding several in its *sortie*, but eventually carrying off the one selected with unerring aim. A noble bird is the Peregrine, with its glorious eyes, wild, restless, and changeful! This bird is the falcon of the royal falconers; its mate, the tercel. Among all our British birds the Peregrine ranks first; for strength, and courage, and speed it has no compeer. Rocks clamour and arrange themselves in battle-array at its approach; other hawks fly off to the covert; small birds of every species seek the thickest shelter, and farmyard



poultry their roost, as it sails in mid-air down the dale. Even the eagle suffers itself to be mobbed by the comparatively small Peregrine without offering any retaliation.

We advance over the heather, and there, skimming towards us, is a large hawk—a Harrier. The species cannot be doubted, as it flies near the ground, working it as a hound or a setter would do. Now it stoops, glides, ascends, stoops again, and shoots off at right angles. It rounds the shoulder of a hill and drops in a dark patch of ling. A covey of young grouse whirr heavily over the nearest brae, but the Marsh Harrier remains. It has struck down one of the "cheepers" and is dragging its victim to the shelter of a furze bush. The wonderful evolutions and movements in which this bird indulges, its sudden swoops, its ascending and descending, seem all regulated by its tail.

A male and female Harrier generally hunt together, and afford a pretty sight as they "harry" the game, driving it from one to the other, and hawking in a most systematic fashion. They thoroughly quarter the ground previously marked out, and generally with success. When they hawk the quiet mountain-tarns their mode is regulated according to circumstance. In such instances they not unfrequently sit and watch, and capture their prey by suddenly pouncing upon it.

The great grouse-poachers of the moors are the beautiful little Merlins. They work together over the heather like a brace of well-broken pointers. Not an object escapes them; however closely it may conform to its environment, or however still it may keep, it is detected by the sharp eye of the Merlin and put away. The miniature falconry in which this bird indulges on the open moorlands, where nothing obstructs the view, is one of the most fascinating sights in nature. The Red Hawk is plucky beyond its size and strength, and will pull down a partridge, as we have witnessed repeatedly. The young of moorfowl,

larks, pipits, and summer snipe constitute its food on the fells. It lays four bright red eggs in a depression among the heather, and about this are strewn the remains of its prey. To be seen to advantage this smallest of British falcons ought to be seen in its haunts. It is little larger than a thrush, and in the days of falconry was flown by ladies at larks, pipits, pigeons, and occasionally partridges. On the moorlands it may be seen suddenly to shoot from a stone, encircle a tract of heather, and then return to its perch. A lark passes over its head, and its wings are raised and its neck outstretched; but it closes them as if unwilling to pursue the bird. Then it flies, skimming low over the furze, and alights on a granite boulder similar to the one it has just left. As we approach this the male and female flap unconcernedly off, and beneath the block are remains of golden-plover, ling-birds, larks, and young grouse.

It was a wise legislative proceeding that granted a double protection to Owls, for of all birds from the farmer's point of view they are the most useful. They hunt silently and in the night, and are nothing short of lynx-eyed cats with wings. The benefit they confer upon agriculturists is almost incalculable, as is susceptible of easy proof. It is well known that Owls hunt in the night, but it may be less a matter of common knowledge that, like other birds of prey, they disgorge the hard indigestible parts of their food in the form of elongated pellets. These are found in considerable quantities about the birds' haunts, and an examination of them reveals the fact that Owls prey upon a number of predacious Rodents, the destruction of which is directly beneficial to man. Of course, the evidence gained in this way is incontestable, and to show to what extent Owls assist in preserving the balance of Nature, it may be mentioned that an examination of seven hundred pellets yielded the remains of sixteen bats, three rats, two hundred and thirty-nine mice, six hundred and

ninety-three voles, one thousand five hundred and ninety shrews, and twenty-two birds. These remarkable results were obtained from the common Barn-Owl, and the remains of the twenty-two birds consisted of nineteen sparrows, one greenfinch, and two swifts. The Tawny and Long-eared Owls of our woodlands are also mighty hunters, and an examination of their pellets shows equally interesting evidence. It must be remembered in this connection that Britain is essentially an agricultural country, and that if its *fauna* is a diminutive one it is not the less formidable. We have ten tiny creatures, constituting an army in themselves, that if not kept under would quickly devastate our fields. These ten species consist of four mice, three voles, and three shrews. Individually, so tiny are these that any one species could comfortably curl itself up in the divided shell of a chestnut. But farmers well know that if these are small they are by no means to be despised. Now that the corn-crops are cut, and the hay housed, the field-vole and the meadow-mouse are deprived of their summer shelter. Of this the Barn-Owl is perfectly aware, and at evening he may be seen sweeping low over the meadows, seeking whom he may devour,—with what results we have already seen.

Much unnatural history has been written of Owls, and unfortunately most people take their ideas of them from the poets. The Owl is not moping, nor melancholy; he is neither grave monk, nor anchorite, nor pillared saint. Poets write by day, and Owls fly by night, and, doubtless, Mr. Gray and his school took their opinion of Owls from staring at stuffed specimens in glass cases, or at the living birds surprised in the full light of day, when they will be seen blinking, nodding, and hissing at each other very unlike representatives of Minerva. Christopher North is the only writer who has done justice to Owls; or justice to the poets, for the matter of

that, by his denunciation of their epithets and false images. He knew well that the White Owl never mopes, but holds its revels through the live-long night when all else is hushed and still. Most birds are stoics compared to Owls, and those who cultivate their acquaintance know that they have no time wherein to make their poetical complaints to the moon. Poets should not meddle with Owls. Shakespeare and Wordsworth alone have understood them; by all else they have been scandalously libelled from Virgil to the Poet Close.

The Barn-Owl, when she has young, brings to her nest a mouse about every twelve minutes; and, as she is actively employed both at evening and dawn, and as male and female hunt, forty mice a day is the lowest computation we can make. How soft is the plumage of the Owl, and how noiseless her flight! Watch her as she floats past the ivy tod, down by the ricks, and silently over the old wood; then away over the meadows, through the open door, and out of the loop-hole of the barn, round the lichened tower, and along the course of the brook. Presently she returns to her four downy young, with a mouse in one claw and a vole in the other, soon to be ripped up, torn, and eaten by the greedy, snapping imps. The young and eggs are found in the same nest. If you would see the mid-day *siesta* of these birds, climb up into some hay-mow. There in an angle of the beam you will see their owlships, snoring and blinking wide their great round eyes; their duet is the most unearthly, ridiculous, grave noise conceivable, like nothing else you ever heard. Here they will stay all day, digesting the mice with which they have gorged themselves, until twilight, when they again issue forth upon their madcap revels. This clever mouser, then, has a strong claim to our protection; so let not idle superstition further its destruction.

## KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

## CHAPTER VII.

THIS was one of the days when Mrs. Douglas thought she felt a little better, and certainly knew it was very dull in her bedroom, where it was not possible to keep even Kirsteen stationary all day, so she had ventured to come down stairs after the heavy midday dinner which filled the house with odours. A little broth, served with what was considered great delicacy in Drumcarro in a china dish on a white napkin, had sufficed for her small appetite; and when everything was still in the house, in partial somnolence after the meal, she had been brought to the parlour with all her shawls and cushions, and established by the fire. The news of the great ball at the Castle which had moved Marg'ret to the desperate step she had just taken had its effect in the parlour too. Kirsteen who had said at first proudly, "What am I heeding?" had notwithstanding everything begun to wake up a little to the more usual sensations of a girl of twenty when any great event of this description is about to take place. It would be bonny to see—it would be fine just for once to be in grand company like the old Douglasses her forbears, and to see how the lords and ladies behaved themselves, if they were really so different from common folk. And then Kirsteen began to think of the music and the sound of the dancers' feet upon the floor, in spite of herself—and the imaginary strains went to her head. She was caught in the measure of her dreams, swaying a little involuntarily to keep time, and interjecting a real step, a dozen nimble twinklings of her feet in their strong country shoes as she went across the room to fetch a new clew for her mother's knitting.

"What's that you're doing, Kirsteen, to shake the whole place?" said Mrs. Douglas.

"Oh, it's just nothing, mother."

"She's practising her steps," said Mary, "for the grand ball."

"Dear me, dear me," Mrs. Douglas said. "How well I know by myself! Many's the time I've danced about the house so that nothing would keep me still—but ye see what it all comes to. It's just vanity and maybe worse than vanity—and fades away like the morning dew."

"But, mother," said Kirsteen, "it was not your dancing nor the pleasure you've had that made you ill; so we cannot say that's what it comes to."

"Pleasure!" said her mother. "It's very little pleasure I have had in my life since I married your father and came to this quiet place. Na, na, it's no pleasure—I was very light-hearted in my nature though you would not think it. But that's a thing that cannot last."

"But you had it, mother," said Mary, "even if it was short. There was that ball you went to when you were sixteen, and the spangled muslin you had on, and the officer that tore it with his spurs."

Mrs. Douglas's eyes lit up with a faint reflection of bygone fire. "Eh, that spangled muslin," she said, "I'll never forget it, and what they all said to me when I came home. It was not like the grand gowns that are the fashion now. It was one of the last of the old mode before those awfu' doings at the French Revolution that changed everything. My mother wore a hoop under her gown standing out round her like a cart-wheel. I was not old enough for that; but there was enough muslin in my petticoat to

have made three of these bit skimpit things."

"I just wish," said Mary with a sigh, "that we had it now."

"It would be clean out of the fashion if ye had it; and what would ye do with a spangled muslin here? Ye must have parties to go to, before ye have any need for fine claes."

Mary breathed again that profound sigh. "There's the ball at the Castle," she said.

"Lord keep us!" cried her mother. "Your faither would take our heads off our shoulders if ye breathed a word of that."

"But they say the whole country's going," said Kirsteen; "it's like as if we were just nobody to be always held back."

"Your father thinks of nothing but the boys," said Mrs. Douglas, with a feeble wail; "it's aye for them he's planning. Ye'll bring nothing in, he says, and he'll have you take little out."

There was a pause after this—indignation was strong in Kirsteen's heart, but there was also a natural piety which arrested her speech. The injustice, the humiliation and hard bondage of the iron rule under which she had been brought up, but which she had only now begun to look upon as anything more than the rule of nature, was what was uppermost in her thoughts. Mary's mind was not speculative. She did not consider humiliation or injustice. The practical affected her more, which no doubt was in every way a more potent argument. "I just wonder," she said, "that he has not more sense—for if we were away altogether we would take nothing out—and that cannot be if nobody knows that we are here."

"Your father's a strange man," said Mrs. Douglas. "You're old enough to see that for yourselves. When there are men coming about a house, there's more expense. Many's the dinner he got off my father's table before he married me—and to have

your lads about the house would never please him. Many is the thought I take about it when ye think I have nothing in my head but my own trouble. He would never put up with your lads about the house."

"Mother!" cried Kirsteen, with indignation, "we are not servant lasses with men coming courting. Who would dare to speak like that of us?"

Mary laughed a little over her work. She was darning the stockings of the household, with a large basket before her, and her hand and arm buried in a large leg of grey-blue worsted. She did not blush as Kirsteen did, but with a little simper accepted her mother's suggestion. "If we are ever to get away from here, there will have to be lads about the house," she said, with practical wisdom; "if we're not to do it Anne's way."

"Lord bless us, what are you saying? If your father heard you, he would turn us all to the door," said Mrs. Douglas, in dismay. "I've promised him on my bended knees I will never name the name of that—poor thing, poor thing," the mother cried suddenly, with a change of voice, falling into trembling and tears.

"I've heard she was real well off," said Mary, "and a good man, and two servant maids keepit for her. And it's just an old fashion thinking so much of your family. The old Douglasses might be fine folk, but what did they ever do for us?"

"Mary! hold your peace," cried Kirsteen, flaming with scorn and wrath. "Would ye deny your good blood, and a grand race that were as good as kings in their day? And what have we to stand upon if it's not them? We would be no more than common folk."

The conviction of Kirsteen's indignant tones, the disdainful certainty of being, on the natural elevation of that grand race, something very different from common folk, overawed the less convinced and less visionary pair. Mrs. Douglas continued to weep, silently

rocking herself to and fro, while Mary made what explanations she could to her fiery assailant.

"I was meaning nothing," she said, "but just that they're all dead and gone, and their grandeur with them. And the fashion's aye changing, and folk that have plenty are more thought upon than them that have nothing, whatever may be their name."

"Do you think," said Kirsteen, "if we had my mother's old gown to cut down for you and me, or even new gowns fresh from the shop—do you think we would be asked to the Castle or any other place if it were not for the old Douglasses that ye jeer at? It's not a spangled muslin but an old name that will carry us there."

"There's something in that," said Mary, cowed a little. "But," she added with a sigh, "as we're not going it's no thanks to them nor any person. When the ladies and gentlemen are going to the ball we'll be sitting with our seams with one candle between us. And we may just spend our lives so, for anything I can see—and the old Douglasses will never fash their heads."

"Lord bless us! there's your father!" cried Mrs. Douglas with a start, hastily drying her eyes. Her ear was keener for that alarming sound than the girls', who were caught almost in the midst of their talk. The Laird came in, pushing open the door with a violent swing which was like a gale of wind, and the suspicious silence that succeeded his entrance, his wife having recourse to her knitting in sudden desperation, and the daughters bending over their various tasks with devotion, betrayed in a moment what they desired to hide from his jealous eye.

"What were ye colleaguin' and planning, laying your heads together—that you're all so still when I come in?"

"We were planning nothing, Neil, just nothing," said Mrs. Douglas, eagerly. "I was telling the bairns a bit of an auld story—just to pass the time."

"They'll pass the time better doing their work," said their father. He came first to the fireside round which they were sitting, and stared into the glowing peat with eyes almost as red: then he strode towards the only window, and stood there shutting out the light with his back towards them. There was not too much light at any time from that narrow and primitive opening, and his solid person filled it up almost entirely. Kirsteen laid down her work upon her lap. It was of a finer kind than Mary's, being no less than the hemming of the frills of Drumcarro's shirts, about which he was very particular. He had certain aristocratic habits, if not much luxury, and the fineness of his linen was one of these. Kirsteen's hemming was almost invisible, so small were the stitches and the thread so delicate. She was accomplished with her needle according to the formula of that day.

"Drumcarro," said his wife timidly after a few minutes of this eclipse, "I am not wanting to disturb ye—but Kirsteen cannot see to do her work—it's little matter for Mary and me."

"What ails Kirsteen that she cannot do her work?" he said roughly, turning round but keeping his position. "Kirsteen here and Kirsteen there, I'm sick of the name of her. She's making some cursed nonsense I'll be bound for her ain back."

"It's for your breast, father," said Kirsteen; "but I'll stop if you like, and put it by."

He eyed her for a moment with sullen opposition, then stepped away from the window without a word. He had an uneasy sensation that when Kirsteen was his opponent the case did not always go his way. "A great deal ye care, any of ye, for me and my wishes," he said. "Who was it sent that deevil of a woman to my own business-room, where, if any place, a man may expect to be left in peace? No to disturb me! Ye would disturb me if I was on my deathbed for any confounded nonsense of your ain."



"I am sure, Drumcarro," his wife replied beginning to cry.

"Sure—you're sure of nothing but what she tells ye. If it were not for one thing more than another I would turn her out of my house."

"Dinna do that—oh, dinna do that, if it's Marg'ret you're meaning," cried Mrs. Douglas, clasping her hands. "She's just a stand-by for everything about the place, and the best cook that ever was—and thinks of your interest, Drumcarro, though maybe ye will not believe it, far above her own. And if you take away Marg'ret I'll just lie down and die—for there will be no comfort more."

"You're very keen to die—in words; but I never see any signs in you of keeping to it," he said; then drawing forward a chair to the fire, pushing against Kirsteen, who drew back hurriedly, he threw himself down in it, in the midst of the women who moved their seats hastily on either side to give him room. "What's this," he said, "about some nonsense down at the Castle that is turning all your silly heads? and what does it mean?"

Mrs. Douglas was too frightened to speak, and as for Kirsteen she was very little disposed to take advantage of the milder frame of mind in which her father seemed to be to wheedle or persuade him into a consent.

It was Mary who profited by the unusual opportunity. "It's just the ball, father—that the Duke gives when he comes home."

"The Duke," said he. "The Duke is as auld a man as I am, and balls or any other foolishness, honest man, I reckon they're but little in his way."

"He does not do it for himself, father—there's the young lords and ladies that like a little diversion. And all the folk besides from far and near—that are good enough," Mary said adroitly. "There are some that say he's too particular and keeps many out."

"Nobody can be too particular, if he's a duke or if he's a commoner," said Mr. Douglas. "A good pedigree

is just your only safeguard—and not always that," he added after a moment, looking at her steadily. "You'll be one that likes a little diversion too!"

"And that I am, father," said Mary, suddenly grown into the boldest of the party, exhilarated and stimulated, she could scarcely tell how, by a sentiment of success that seemed to have got into the air. Mrs. Douglas here interposed, anxious apparently lest her daughter should go too far.

"No beyond measure, Drumcarro—just in reason, as once I liked it well myself."

"You," said Drumcarro hastily, "ye were never an example. Let them speak for themselves. I've heard all the story from beginning to end. They're weary of their life here, and they think if they went to this folly, they might maybe each get a man to deliver them."

"Father!" cried Kirsteen springing to her feet, with blazing eyes. To her who knew better, who had not only the pride of her young womanhood to make that suggestion terrible, but the secret in her heart which made it blasphemy—there was something intolerable in the words and laugh and jibe, which roused her mother to a wondering and tremulous confidence, and made Mary's heart bound with anticipated delight. But no notice was taken of Kirsteen's outcry. The Laird's harsh laugh drew forth a tremulous accompaniment, which was half nervous astonishment and half a desire to please him, from his more subservient womankind.

"Well, Drumcarro," said his wife timidly, "it would just be the course of nature; and I'm sure if it was men that would make them happy, it's no me that would ever say them nay."

"You!" said her husband again. "Ye would not say nay to a goose if ye saw him waddlin' ben. It's not to your judgment I'm meaning to trust. What's Kirsteen after there, with her red head and her e'en on fire? Sit down on your chair and keep silent if



ye have nothing pleasant to say. I'm not a man for weirdless nonsense and promiscuous dancing and good money thrown away on idle feasts and useless claes. But if there's a serious meaning at the bottom of it, that's just another matter. Eelen, I suppose that's in all the folly of the place, and well known to the Duke and his family, as she has a good right to be from her name, will understand all about it, and how to put them forth and set them out to the best advantage. It must be well done, if it's done at all."

"There's a great many things that they will want, Drumcarro; none of mine are fit to wear, and the fashions all changed since my time. They will want——"

"Oh, mother, not half what you think; I've my cairngorms that Aunt Mary left me. And Kirsteen, she has a very white skin that needs nothing. It's just a piece of muslin for our gowns——"

"Eh me," said Mrs. Douglas, "when I mind all my bonny dyes, and my pearlins and ribbons, and high-heeled shoes, and my fan as long as your arm; and washes for my skin and cushions for my hair!" She sat up in her chair forgetting her weakness, a colour rising in her pale cheeks, her spirit rising to the unaccustomed delightful anticipation which was half regret and recollection, so that for once in her life she forgot her husband and escaped from his power. "Ah!" she exclaimed again with a little outcry of pain, "if I had but thought upon the time I might have lasses of my ain and keepit them for my bairns——"

"Ye may make yourself easy on that point," said Drumcarro, pushing back the chair he had taken, "for ye never had a thing but was rubbish, nothing fit for a daughter of mine."

"It's not the case, it's not the case," said the poor lady touched in the tenderest point. "I had my mother's garnets, as bonny a set as ever was seen, and I had a brooch with a real

diamant inside it, and a pearl pin—and—oh, I'm no meaning to say a word to blame your father, but what do men ken of such things? And it's not the case! It's not the case! Ye're not to believe him," she said with a feverish flush upon her cheeks.

"Bits of red glass and bits of white, and a small paste head on the end of a brass preen," said Drumcarro with a mocking laugh.

"Father, let her be," cried Kirsteen. "I'll not have her crossed, my bonny Minnie, not for all the balls that ever were."

"You'll not have her crossed! You're a bonny one to lift your face to your father. If you say another word ye shall not go."

"I care not if I should never go—I will not have my mother vexed, not for the Duke nor the Castle nor a' Scotland," cried Kirsteen with fire gleaming in her hazel eyes.

"Oh, ye fool, ye fool! and him for once in a good key," cried Mary, in her sister's ear.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. DOUGLAS was the first to echo this prudent advice when after she had wept away the sting of that atrocious accusation and minutely described her "bonny dyes", (her pretty things) to her children who indeed had heard all about them often, and knew the pearl pin and the garnets by heart, and had been comforted with a cup of tea, she came to herself. And by that time Kirsteen's indignation too had cooled, and thoughts of the heaven of the Castle, with fine ladies and grand gentlemen pacing forth as in the ballads, and music playing and the sound of the dancers' feet, began to buzz in her young head and fill it with longings. If he had been at home he would have been there. It would never now be what it might have been had it happened before. But even with that great blank of absence Kirsteen was but twenty,

and her heart did not refuse to throb a little at this unthought of, un hoped for prospect. Just to see it, and how great persons behaved, and what like the world was, when you were in it, that world which represents itself in so many different ways to the youthful imagination. Kirsteen felt that at the Castle she would see it in all its glory, nothing better in the king's own court—for was it not under the shadow of the Duke, and what could fancy desire more? She would need no further enlightenment or experience of the aspect of society, and what it was and how it looked, than she could get there. This was the Highland girl's devout belief; *Vedi Napoli e poi morire*; earth could not have anything to show more fair.

Marg'ret would have been more than a woman had she not been all-glorious over this event. "I just daured him to do it," she said, "to let the occasion pass by and name of his daughters seen, and a' their chances lost." "Did ye speak of chances for me?" cried Kirsteen in youthful fury. "Me that would not look at one of them, if it was the prince out of the story book. Me that—" She turned away to dash a hot tear from her dazzling wet eyes—"me that am waiting for him!" Kirsteen said in her heart. Her faithful champion looked at her with anxious eyes. "If she would but say that's what she's meaning," was Marg'ret's commentary. "Eh, I wonder if that's what she's meaning? but when neither the ane nor the ither says a word how is a person to ken?" It slightly overclouded her triumph to think that perhaps for her favourite the chances were all forestalled, and even that trouble might come out of it if somebody should throw the handkerchief at Kirsteen whom her father approved. The cold chill of such an alarm not seldom comes across the designer of future events when all has been carefully arranged to quicken the action of Providence. But Marg'ret put that discouraging alarm hastily out of her mind. Right or wrong it

was always a good thing that her nurslings should see the world. When the roll of white muslin arrived that was to make the famous gowns, and when Miss Macnab (who was not without claims in some far-away manner to be connected with a family in as near as the tenth remove from the Laird of Macnab's own sovereign race) came over with her little valise, and her *necessaire* full of pins and needles, and was put into the best room, and became for the time the centre of interest in the household—Marg'ret could scarcely contain herself for pleasure. "A' the hoose" with the exception of the boys, who at this stage of their development counted for little, snatched every available moment to look in upon Miss Macnab—who sat in state, with a large table covered with cuttings, and two handmaids at least always docile beside her, running up gores or laying hems. It might be thought indeed that the fashion of that time required no great amount of labour in the construction of two white dresses for a pair of girls. But Miss Macnab was of a different opinion. She did not know indeed the amount of draping and arranging, the skill of the artist in the fine hanging of folded stuffs, or even the multitudinous flouncings of an intermediate age into which the art of dress was to progress. The fashions of 1814 look like simplicity itself; the long, straight, narrow skirt, the short waist, the infantile sleeves, would seem to demand little material and less trouble for their simple arrangement. But no doubt this was more in appearance than in reality, and the mind of the artist is always the same whatever his materials may be. Miss Macnab kept the young ladies under hand for hours fitting every line—not folds, for folds there were none—so that the skirt might cling sufficiently without affording too distinct a revelation of the limbs beneath, an art perhaps as difficult as any of the more modern contrivances. Mary stood like a statue under the dressmaker's hands. She was never

weary; so long as there was a pleat or seam that needed correction, a pinch too little here, a fulness too much there, she was always ready. The white gown was moulded upon her with something like a sculptor's art. Miss Macnab with her mouth full of pins, and her fingers seamed with work, pinned and pulled, and stretched out and drew in with endless perseverance. She was an artist in her way. It was terrible to her, as a mistake on the field of battle to a general, to send forth into the world a gown that did not fit, a pucker or a twist in any garment she made. There are no Miss Macnabs nowadays, domestic professors of the most primitive yet everlasting of arts. The trouble she took over her composition would tire out a whole generation of needlewomen, and few girls even for a first ball would stand like Mary to be manipulated. And there is no such muslin now as the fine and fairy web, like the most delicate lawn, which was the material of those wonderful gowns, and little workmanship so delicate as that which put together the long seams, and made invisible hems round the scanty but elaborate robe. Kirsteen, who was not so patient as her sister, looked on with a mixture of contempt and admiration. It did not, to her young mind and thoughts occupied with a hundred varying interests, seem possible at first to give up all that time to the perfection even of a ball-dress. But presently the old seamstress with her devotion to her art began to impress the open-minded girl. It was not a very rich living which Miss Macnab derived from all this labour and care. To see her kneeling upon her rheumatic knees, directing the easy fall of the soft muslin line to the foot which ought to peep from underneath without deranging the exactness of the delicate hem, was a wonder to behold. A rivulet of pins ran down the seam, and Miss Macnab's face was grave and careful as if the destinies of a kingdom were upon that muslin line.

"What trouble you are taking!" cried Kirsteen. "And it's not as if it were silk or velvet but just a muslin gown."

Miss Macnab looked up from where she knelt by Mary's knee. She had to take the pins out of her mouth before she could speak, which was inconvenient, for no pincushion is ever so handy. "Missie," she said, "my dear, ye just show your ignorance: for there's nothing so hard to take a good set as a fine muslin; and the maist difficult is aye the maist particular, as ye would soon learn if ye gave yoursel' to ainy airt."

Kirsteen, who knew very little of any art, but thought it meant painting pictures, here gave vent, to her own shame afterwards, to a little laugh, and said hastily, "I would just set it straight and sew it up again if it was me."

"I have no objection that ye should try," said Miss Macnab, rising from her knees, "it's aye the best lesson. When I was in a lairger way of business, with young ones working under me, I aye let them try their ain way; and maistly I found they were well content after to turn to mine—that is if they were worth the learning," she added composedly; "there are many that are just a waste of time and pains."

"And these are the ones that take their own way? But if I were to take mine I would never yield, I would make it answer," said Kirsteen. She added with a blush, "I just cannot think enough of all your trouble and the pains ye take."

Miss Macnab gave the blushing girl a friendly look. She had again her mouth full, so that speech was impossible, but she nodded kindly and with dignity in return for this little burst of approval which she knew to be her due; and it was with all the confidence of conscious merit and a benign condescension that she expounded her methods afterwards. "If ye dinna get the skirt to fall straight from the waist, ye will never mend it

at the foot," she said. "I can see you're aye that can comprehend a principle, my bonny missie. Take a' the trouble ye can at the beginning, and the end will come right of itself'. A careless start means a double vexation in the finish. And that ye'll find to apply," said this mild philosopher, "to life itself as well as to the dress-making, which is just like a' the airts I ever heard tell of, a kind of epitome of life."

Kirsteen could not but break out into a laugh again, notwithstanding her compunction, at the dressmaker's high yet mild pretension; but she listened with great interest while Mary stood and gave all her thoughts to the serious subject of the skirt and how it would hang. "I just pay no attention to what she's saying, but I would like my gown to hang as well as any there, and you must take trouble for that," was Mary's report afterwards when the gown was found to be perfect. And what with these differing motives and experiences the workroom was the opening of new interests in Drumcarro, as important as even the ball at the Castle. The excitement and continued interest made the greatest improvement in Mrs. Douglas's health, who came and sat in Miss Macnab's room and gave a hundred directions which the dressmaker received blandly but paid no attention to. Marg'ret herself was stirred by the presence of the artist. She not only excelled herself in the scones she made for Miss Macnab's tea, but she would come in the afternoon when she was not "throng" and stand with her hands upon each side of her ample waist and admire the work and add no insignificant part to the conversation, discoursing of her own sister, Miss Jean Brown, that was in a very large way of business in London, having gone there as a lady's maid twenty years before. The well born Miss Macnab allowed with a condescending wave of her hand that many began in that way. "But my opinin is that it wants good blood

in your veins and a leddy's breeding before you'll ever make a gown that will set off a leddy," she said to the little circle, but only, not to hurt her feelings, after Marg'ret was gone.

While these proceedings were occupying all his family, Drumcarro himself proceeded with the practical energy which hitherto had only been exercised on behalf of his sons to arrange for his daughters' presentation to the world. More exciting to the county than a first drawing-room of the most splendid season was the ball at the Castle which was by far the finest thing that many of the Argyllshire ladies of those days ever saw. Even among those who like the family of Drumcarro owned no clan allegiance to the Duke, the only way of approaching the *beau monde*, the great world which included London and the court as well as the Highlands was by his means. The Duke in his own country was scarcely second to the far off and unknown King whose throne was shrouded in such clouds of dismay and trouble, and the duchess was in all but name a far more splendid reality than the old and peevish majesty, without beauty or prestige, who sat in sullen misery at Windsor. To go to London, or even to Edinburgh, to the Lord High Commissioner's receptions at Holyrood, was a daring enterprise that nobody dreamed of; but to go to the Castle was the seal of good blood and breeding. When he had got this notion into his head Drumcarro was as determined upon it as the fondest father could have been. The girls were of no consequence, but his daughters had their rights with the best, and he would not have the family let down even in their insignificant persons; not to speak of the powerful suggestion of relieving himself from further responsibility by putting them each in the way of finding "a man."

He made his appearance accordingly one afternoon in the little house inhabited by Miss Eelen, to the great surprise of that lady. It was a very small, gray house, standing at a cor-

ner of the village street, with a small garden round it, presenting a curious blank and one-eyed aspect, from the fact that every window that could be spared, and they were not abundant to start with, had been blocked up on account of the window-tax. Miss Eelen's parlour was dark in consequence, though it had originally been very bright, with a corner window towards the loch and the quay with all its fishing-boats. This, however, was completely built up, and the prospect thus confined to the street and the merchant's opposite—a little huckster's shop in which everything was sold from needles to ploughshares. Miss Eelen was fond of this window, it was so cheerful; and it was true that nobody could escape her who went to Robert Duncan's—the children who had more pennies to spend than was good for them, or the servant girls who went surreptitiously with bottles underneath their aprons. Miss Eelen kept a very sharp eye upon all the movements of the town, but even she acknowledged the drowsiness that comes after dinner, and sat in her big chair near the fire with her back turned to the window, "her stocking" in her lap, and her eyes, as she would have described it, "gathering straes", when Mr. Douglas paid her that visit. Her cat sat on a footstool on the other side, majestically curling her tail around her person, and winking at the fire like her mistress. The peats were burning with their fervent flameless glow, and comfort was diffused over the scene. When Drumcarro came in Miss Eelen started and instinctively put up her hands to her cap, which in these circumstances had a way of getting awry.

"Bless me, Drumcarro! is this you?"

"It's just me," he said.

"I hope they're all well?"

"Very well, I'm obliged to you. I just came in to say a word about—the Castle—"

"What about the Castle?" with astonished eyes.

"I was meaning this nonsense that's coming on—the ball," said Mr. Douglas, with an effort. A certain shamefacedness appeared on his hard countenance—something like a blush, if that were a thing possible to conceive.

"The ball? Bless us all! have ye taken leave of your senses, Neil?"

"Why should I take leave of my senses? I'm informed that the hail country—everybody that's worth calling gentry will be going. You're hand and glove with all the clanjamfry. Is that true?"

"Who ye may mean by 'clanjamfry' I cannot say. If ye mean that his Grace and her Grace are just bye ordinary pleasant, and the young lords and ladies aye running out and in—no for what I have to give them, as is easy to be seen—"

"I'm not surprised," said Drumcarro; "one of the old Douglas family before the attainder, was as good as any one of their new-fangled dukes."

"He's no' a new-fangled duke, as you know well; and as for the Douglas family, it is neither here nor there. Ye were saying ye had received information?" Miss Eelen divined her kinsman's errand, though it surprised her, but she would not help him out.

"Just that," said Drumcarro; "I hear there's none left out that are of a good stock. Now I'm not a man for entertainment, or any of your nonsense of music and dancing, nor ever was. I have had too much to do in my life. But I'm told it will be a slight to the name if there's none goes from Drumcarro. Ye know what my wife is—a complaining creature with no spirit to say what's to be done, or what's not—"

"Spirit!" cried Miss Eelen, "Na, she never had the spirit to stand up to the like of you; but, my word, you would soon have broken it if she had."

"I'm not here," said Mr. Douglas, "to get any enlightenment on her character or mine. I've always thought ye a sensible woman, Eelen, even though we do not always agree. They



tell me it'll be like a scorn put upon Drumcarro if the lasses are not at this ploy. Confound them a' and their meddling, and the fools that make feasts, and the idiots that yammer and talk! I've come to you to see what you think. There shall come no scorn on Drumcarro while I'm to the fore."

"Well, Neil, if you ask me," said Miss Eelen, "I would have taken the first word, and given ye my opinion if I had thought it would be of any use; but it's just heaven's truth; and farewell to the credit of Drumcarro when it's kent there are two young women, marriageable and at an age to come forward, and not there. It is just the truth. It will be said—for that matter it is said already—that ye're so poor or so mean that ye grudge the poor things a decent gown, and keep them out of every chance. I would not have said a word if you had not asked me, but that's just what folk say."

Drumcarro got up hastily from his chair and paced about the room, and he swore an oath or two below his breath that relieved his feelings. There was a great deal more in Miss Eelen's eyes. The "auld slave-driver" knew that his name did not stand high among his peers, and his imagination was keen enough to supply the details of the gossip of which his cousin gave so pleasant a summary. "Ye may tell them then," he said, "with many thanks to you for your candid opinion, that Drumcarro's lasses, when he pleases, can just show with the best, and that I'll thole no slight to my name, any more than I would were I chief of this whole country as my forbears were. And that's what ye can tell your gossips, Eelen, the next time ye ask them to a dish of tea—no' to say you're a Douglas yourself and should have more regard for your own flesh and blood."

"Bless me!" cried Miss Eelen, "the man's just like a tempest, up in a moment. Na, Drumcarro, I always gave ye credit if but your pride was touched. And it's just what I would have wished, for I was keen for a

sight of the ploy mysel' but too old to go for my own pleasure. You will just send them and their finery over to me in the gig, and I'll see to all the rest. Bless me, to think of the feeling that comes out when ye least expect it. I was aye convinced that if once your pride was touched. And who knows what may come of it? There's plenty of grand visitors at the Castle—a sight of them's as good as a king's court."

"I hope a man will come of it, to one or the other of them," Drumcarro said.

#### CHAPTER IX.

MR. DOUGLAS himself went to the ball at the Castle. He was of opinion that when a thing is to be done, it is never so well done as when you do it in your own person, and like most other people of similar sentiments, he trusted nobody. Miss Eelen as one of the race, was no doubt on the whole in the interests of the family, but Drumcarro felt that even she was not to be trusted with so delicate a matter as the securing of "a man" for Mary or Kirsteen. It was better that he should be on the spot himself to strike when the iron was hot, and let no opportunity slip. It is true that his costume was far from being in the latest fashion; but to this he was supremely indifferent, scarcely taking it into the most cursory consideration. If he went in sackcloth he would no less be a Douglas, the representative of the old line upon whose pedigree there was neither shadow nor break. He was very confident that he could not appear anywhere without an instant recognition of his claims. Those of the Duke himself were in no way superior: that potentate was richer, he had the luck to have always been on the winning side, and had secured titles and honours when the Douglasses had attainder and confiscation—but Douglas was Douglas when the Duke's first forbear was but a paidling lairdie with not a dozen men to his name.



Such at least was the conviction of Drumcarro; and he marched to the Castle in his one pair of black silk stockings—with his narrow country notions strangely crossed by the traditions of the slave-driving period, with all his intense narrow personal ambitions and grudges, and not an idea beyond the aggrandisement of his family—in the full consciousness of equality (if not superiority) to the best there, the statesman Duke, the great landowners and personages who had come from far and near. Such a conviction sometimes gives great nobleness and dignity to the simple mind, but Drumcarro's pride was not of this elevating kind. It made him shoulder his way to the front with rising rage against all the insignificant crowd that got before him, jostle as he might; it did not give him the consolatory assurance that where he was, there must be the most dignified place. It must be allowed, however, in defence of his attitude that to feel yourself thrust aside into a crowd of nobodies when you know your place to be with the best, is trying. Some people succeed in bearing it with a smile, but the smile is seldom warm or of a genial character. And Drumcarro, at the bottom of the room, struggling to get forward, seeing the fine company at the other end, and invariably, persistently, he scarcely knew how, put back among the crowd, was not capable of that superlative amiability. The surprise of it partially subdued him for a time, and Miss Eelen's exertions, who got him by the arm, and endeavoured to make him hear reason.

"Drumcarro! bless the man—can ye not be content where ye are? Yon's just the visitors, chiefly from England and foreign parts—earls and dukes, and such like."

"Confound the earls and the dukes! what's their titles and their visitors to me? The Douglasses have held their own and more for as many hundred years—"

"Whisht, whisht, for mercy's sake! Lord, ye'll have all the folk staring  
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as if we were some ferly. Everybody knows who the Douglasses were; but man, mind the way of the world that ye are just as much affected by as any person. Riches and titles take the crown of the causeway. We have to put up with it whether we like it or no. You're fond of money and moneyed folk yourself—"

"Haud your fuilish tongue, ye know nothing about it," said Drumcarro. But then he felt that he had gone too far. "I'm so used to my wife I forget who I'm speaking to. You'll excuse me, Eelen?"

"The Lord be praised I'm not your wife," said Miss Eelen devoutly. She added, perceiving a vacant chair a little higher up near the edge of the privileged line, "I see my harbour, Drumcarro, and there I'll go, but no further;" and with an able dive through the throng and long experience of the best methods, managed adroitly to settle herself there. She caught by the elbow as she made her dart a gentleman who stood by, a man with grey hair still dressed in a black silk bag in the old-fashioned way which was no longer the *mode*. "Glendochart," she said, "one word. I'm wanting your help; you were always on the Douglass' side."

"Miss Eelen?" he cried with a little surprise, turning round. He was a man between fifty and sixty, with a fresh colour and gentle, friendly air, much better dressed and set up than Drumcarro, but yet with something of the look of a man more accustomed to the hill-side and the moor than to the world.

"For gudesake look to my cousin Neil, of Drumcarro; he's just like a mad bull raging to be in the front of everything. Auld Earl Douglas, our great forbear, was naething to him for pride. He will just shame us all before the Duke and Duchess and their grand visitors, if some one will not interfere."

The gentleman thus appealed to turned round quickly with a glance at the two girls, who with difficulty, and a little breathless and blushing with

excitement, had emerged out of the crowd behind Miss Eelen, less skilled in making their way than she. "These young ladies," he said, "are with you? they'll be—"

"Just Drumcarro's daughters, and the first time they've ever been seen out of their own house. But yonder's their father making everybody stand about. For ainy sake, Glendochart."

"I'll do your bidding, Miss Eelen."

The girls both thought, as his look dwelt upon them, that he was a most kind and pleasant old gentleman, and sighed with a thought that life would be far easier and everything more practicable if their father was but such another. But alas, that was past praying for. They had a little more space now that they had gained this comparative haven at the side of Miss Eelen's chair to take breath and look about them, and shake themselves free of the crowd.

The muslin gowns had been very successful; the skirts fell in a straight line from the waistband high under their arms to their feet, one with a little edge of fine white embroidery, the other with a frill scarcely to be called a flounce round the foot. The bodices were no longer than a baby's, cut in a modest round with a little tucker of lace against the warm whiteness of the bosom: the sleeves were formed of little puffs of muslin also like a baby's. Mary wore her necklace of cairngorms with much pride. Kirsteen had nothing upon her milk-white throat to ornament or conceal it. Nothing could have been whiter than her throat, with the soft warmth of life just tinging its purity; her red hair which goes so well with that warm whiteness, was done up in what was called a classic knot at the back of her head, but there were some little curls which would not be gainsaid about her forehead and behind her ear. Her arms were covered with long silk gloves drawn up to meet the short sleeves. She was in a great tremor of excited imagination and expected pleasure. She was not thinking of

partners indeed, nor of performing at all in her own person. She had come to see the world—to see the fine ladies and gentlemen, to hear some of their beautiful talk perhaps, and watch the exquisite way in which they would behave themselves. This was the chief pre-occupation of her mind. She looked round her as if it had been "the play". Kirsteen knew nothing at all of the play, and had been brought up to believe that it was a most depraved and depraving entertainment, but still there had never been any doubt expressed of its enthralling character. The ball she had decided from the first day it had been mentioned, would be as good as going to the play.

Miss Eelen very soon found an old lady sitting near with whom she could talk, but Mary and Kirsteen stood together looking out upon the faces and the moving figures and speaking to no one. They scarcely cared to talk to each other, which they could do, they both reflected, very well at home. They stood pressing close to each other, and watched all the coming and going. In the position which they had gained they could see all the sets, the great people at the head of the room, the humbler ones below. Kirsteen had an advantage over her sister. She had met Lady Chatty several times at Miss Eelen's and had admired her, half for herself, half for her position, which had a romantic side very delightful to her simple imagination. "That's Lady Chatty," she whispered to Mary, proud of her superior knowledge. "I don't think much of her," said Mary, whispering back again. This gave Kirsteen a shock in the perfect pleasure with which she watched the graceful movements and animated looks of the future beauty. She had felt a disinterested delight in following the other girl through her dance, admiring how happy she looked and how bright; but Mary's criticism had a chilling effect.

A long time passed thus, and Kir-

steen began to feel tired in spite of herself; the pleasure of watching a room full of animated dancers very soon palls at twenty. Her expectation of pleasure gradually died away. It was very bonny, but not the delight she had thought. Mary stood with a smile which had never varied since they entered the room, determined to look pleased whatever happened—but Kirsteen was not able to keep up to that level. If he had but been here! then indeed all things would have been different. It gave her a singular consolation to think of this, to feel that it was in some sort a pledge of her belonging to him that she was only a spectator in the place where he was not; but she was too sensible not to be aware that her consolation was a fantastic one, and that she would in fact have been pleased to dance and enjoy herself. She and her sister were pushed a little higher up by the pressure of the crowd which formed a fringe round the room, and which consisted of a great many young men too timid to break into the central space where the fine people were performing, and of tired and impatient girls who could not dance till they were asked. Somehow it began to look all very foolish to Kirsteen, not beautiful as she had hoped.

And then by ill luck she overheard the chatter of a little party belonging to the house. It was the kind of chatter which no doubt existed and was freely used at the balls given by the Pharaohs (if they gave balls), or by Pericles, or at least by Charlemagne. "Where do all these funny people come from?" "Out of the ark, I should think," the young lords and ladies said. "Antediluvian certainly—look, here is a pair of very strange beasts." The pair in question seemed to Kirsteen a very pretty couple. The young man a little flushed and blushing at his own daring, the girl, yes! there could be no doubt, Agnes Drummond, Ronald's sister, of as good family as any in the room. But the young ladies and gentlemen from London

laughed "consumedly". "Her gown must have been made in the year one." "And no doubt that's the coat his grandfather was married in." But all their impertinences were brought to a climax by Lord John, one of the family, who ought to have known better. "Don't you know," he said, "it's my mother's menagerie? We have the natives once a year and make 'em dance. Wait a little till they warm to it, and then you shall see what you shall see." Kirsteen turned and flashed a passionate glance at the young speaker, which made him step backwards and blush all over his foolish young face; for to be sure he had only been beguiled into saying what the poor young man thought was clever, and did not mean it. Kirsteen's bosom swelled with pride and scorn and injured feeling. And she had thought everybody would be kind! and she had thought it would all be so bonny! And to think of a menagerie and the natives making a show for these strangers to see!

"Miss Kirsteen, there is a new set making up, and your sister would be glad of you for a *ves-à-vis* if ye will not refuse an old man for a partner." Kirsteen looked round and met the pleasant eyes, still bright enough, of Glendochart, whom Miss Eelen had bidden to look after the indignant Drumcarro. Kirsteen looked every inch Drumcarro's daughter as she turned round, an angry flush on her face, and her eyes shining with angry tears.

"I will not dance. I am obliged to you, sir," she said.

"Not dance," said Mary, in an indignant whisper, "when we're both asked! And what would ye have? We cannot all have young men."

"I will not dance—to make sport for the fine folk," said Kirsteen in the same tone.

"You are just like my father," said Mary, "spoiling other folks' pleasure. Will ye come or will ye not, and the gentleman waiting—and me that cannot if you will not."

"Come, my dear," said old Glendochart. He patted her hand as he drew it through his arm. "I have known your father and all your friends this fifty years, and ye must not refuse an old man."

Neither of the girls were very much at their ease in the quadrille, but they watched the first dancers with anxious attention, and followed their example with the correctness of a lesson just received. Kirsteen, though she began very reluctantly, was soothed in spite of herself by the music and the measure, and the satisfaction of having a share in what was going on. She forgot for a moment the gibes she had listened to with such indignation. A quadrille is a very humdrum performance nowadays to those who know nothing so delightful as the wild monotony of the round dance. But in Kirsteen's time the quadrille was still comparatively new, and very "genteel". It was an almost solemn satisfaction to have got successfully through it, and her old partner was very kind and took her out to the tea-room afterwards with the greatest attention, pointing out to her the long vista of the corridor and some of the pictures on the walls, and everything that was worth seeing. They were met as they came back by a very fine gentleman with a riband and a star, who stopped to speak to her companion, and at whom Kirsteen looked with awe. "And who may this bonny lass be?" the great man said. "A daughter of yours, Glendochart?"

"No daughter of mine," said the old gentleman in a testy tone. "I thought your Grace was aware I was the one of your clan that had not married. The young lady is Miss Kirsteen Douglas, a daughter of Drumcarro."

"I beg your—her pardon and yours; I ought to have known better," said the Duke. "But you must remember, Glendochart, when you are in such fair company, that it is never too late to mend."

"He should indeed have known better," said Glendochart, when they

had passed on. "These great folk, Miss Kirsteen, they cannot even take the trouble to mind—which kings do, they say, who have more to think of. And yet one would think my story is not a thing to forget. Did you ever hear how it was that John Campbell of Glendochart was a lone auld bachelor? It's not a tale for a ball-room, but there's something in your pretty eyes that makes me fain to tell."

"Oh, it is little I care for the ball-room," cried Kirsteen, remembering her grievance, which she told with something of the fire and indignation of her original feeling. He laughed softly, and shook his head.

"Never you fash your head about such folly. When my Lord John goes to St. James's the men of fashion and their ladies will say much the same of him, and you will be well avenged."

"It's very childish to think of it at all," said Kirsteen, with a blush. "And now will you tell me?" She looked up into his face with a sweet and serious attention which bewitched the old gentleman, who was not old at all.

"I was away with my regiment on the continent of Europe and in the Colonies and other places for many years, when I was a young man," Glendochart said.

"Yes!" said Kirsteen, with profoundest interest—for was not that the only prospect before *him* too?

"But all the time I was confident there was one waiting for me at home."

"Oh, yes, yes," said Kirsteen, as if it had been her own tale.

"The news from the army was slow in those days, and there was many a mistake. Word was sent home that I was killed when I was but badly wounded. I had neither father nor mother to inquire closely, and everybody believed it, and she too. I believe her friends were glad on the whole, for I was a poor match for her. Her heart was nearly broke, but she was very young and she got over it,

and, whether with her own will or without it I cannot tell, but when I came home at last it was her wedding-day."

"Oh!" Kirsteen cried almost with a shriek, "was that the end of her waiting? Me, I would have waited and waited on——"

"Wait now and ye will hear. The marriage was just over when I came to her father's house thinking no evil. And we met; and when she saw me, and that I was a living man, and remembered the ring that was on her finger and that she was another man's wife—she went into her own maiden chamber that she had never left and shut to the door. And there she just died, and never spoke another word."

"Oh, Glendochart!" cried Kirsteen with an anguish of sympathy, thinking of Ronald, and of the poor dead bride, and of the sorrow which seemed to her throbbing heart impossible, as

if anything so cruel could not have been. She clasped his arm with both her hands, looking up at him with all her heart in her face.

"My bonny dear!" he said with surprised emotion, touching her clasped hands with his. And then he began to talk of other things: for they were in the ball-room, where, though every one was absorbed in his or her own pleasure, or else bitterly resenting the absence of the pleasure they expected, yet there were a hundred eyes on the watch for any incident. Kirsteen, in the warmth of her roused feelings, thought nothing of that. She was thinking of the other who was away with his regiment, for who could tell how many years—and for whom one was waiting at home—one that would never put another in his place, no, not for a moment, not whatever news might come!

*(To be continued.)*

## CANADA AND THE JESUITS.

THE Legislature of Quebec the other day passed an Act authorizing the payment of four hundred thousand dollars (about 80,000*l.* sterling) out of the public funds to the Society of Jesus. The payment was alleged to be paid by way of composition for the lands which, after the suppression of the Order in the last century, had remained in the hands of the Crown, but to which it was assumed that the Order still had a claim. The sum of sixty thousand dollars for Protestant education was tendered as a sop to the Protestants of the Province. The Act formally submitted the settlement for sanction to the Pope, whose authority was thus recognized in Canadian legislation.

This Act affected to be framed with a view to quieting doubts about the title to the estates and the right of the Province to dispose of them. This pretence was baseless, if it was not ironical. The estates had passed to the Province from the Crown impressed with a direction in favour of public education. Into the hands of the Crown they had passed really upon the cession of Canada by France, when only the endowments of the secular clergy were guaranteed by the Treaty, and when the Crown was specially advised by the Solicitor-General, Wedderburne, on a reference to him by the Privy Council, not to allow the Jesuits to retain their estates; but at all events on the suppression of the Order by the Pope in 1773. In stating that they had been confiscated by the Crown the Act stated what was untrue. To suppose that the refoundation of the Order could revive its title to its old estates is preposterous, and the claim would be scouted by any Roman Catholic Government in Europe. The sop tendered to the Protestants would have been superfluous had the claim of the Jesuits been real.

There are now left in the Province of Quebec only two or at most three constituencies Protestant in such a sense that their members are not afraid of the Catholic vote. Two members of the Legislature protested. To divide would have been futile, and the Act consequently passed without a division.

But by the time that the Provincial Act reached the Dominion Government public feeling in the British Province of Ontario had been aroused. All Acts of the Provincial Legislatures are subject to the veto of the Dominion Government, to be exercised within a year. It was demanded that the veto should be put upon a Provincial Act which endowed Jesuitism and recognized the authority of the Pope, besides contravening the principle of religious equality by the endowment out of public funds of a particular religion, and not only of a particular religion but of an offensively propagandist Order. The leading Liberal and Independent journals opened fire, and a menacing movement commenced in the Orange Order, which for a long time past had been successfully controlled by Government influence and patronage, its Grand Master having been made a member of the Cabinet for that purpose, and had been turned into an ancillary engine of the Tory party.

The Government, to which the support of the French Catholics is indispensable, and which in fact has its basis in Quebec, tried to quell the storm by advising the Governor-General at once to signify his allowance of the Act. This was unconstitutional, since the British North America Act provides that the Acts of the Provincial Legislatures shall lie before the Dominion Government subject to veto for a year, while those of the Dominion Legislature are to lie before the Home



Government subject to a veto for two years; the time being presumably allowed in each case for petitions and objections to come in, and the longer time being allowed in the case of the Dominion Acts than in that of the Provincial Acts, because the Home Government is less able speedily to inform itself and less easy of access to petitioners. The Governor-General, as it was contended with apparent justice, could have no right to cut short the term of probation, or, in the event of his going out of office before the end of the year, to bar the exercise of the veto by his successor.

This expedient failed, as did the strenuous efforts which were made by the Government to burke opposition in caucus. A resolution demanding disallowance was moved by Colonel O'Brien, member for Muskoka, a strong Conservative and supporter of Sir John Macdonald's Government. A long debate ensued, in which the principal speech in favour of the disallowance resolution was made by Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., a leading Conservative, while the principal defender of the Act was Sir John Thompson, Minister of Justice and a Roman Catholic. The arguments of the speakers in favour of disallowance were based on the anti-national and illegal recognition of the Pope's authority in the Act, and the character of an Order which had been many times expelled as an enemy to civil government by European communities, Catholic as well as Protestant, and was still under the ban of the British Empire, clauses being pointed against it in the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829. It was also contended that the Act was a breach of the religious equality which is a fundamental principle of our polity. In this respect it would appear that the Legislature of Quebec has actually exceeded its jurisdiction, since the list of subjects on which it has power to legislate is set out in the British North America Act, by which these Legislatures are created, and does not include religion.

By the Minister of Justice, and

others on that side, it was contended that the Act was purely local and purely fiscal, and consequently within the constitutional jurisdiction of the Quebec Legislature, so that to veto it would be to violate the principle of Provincial self-government. Both contentions were manifestly untenable. It was absurd to say that the measure was purely local if it impugned the rights of the Crown and acknowledged the authority of a foreign Power in the country, besides endowing a propagandist Order which, though its headquarters were to be in Quebec, would operate against Protestantism and the supremacy of the civil Government over the whole Dominion. It was equally absurd to call a measure purely fiscal merely because it took the form of money payment when it raised issues which had set the whole Dominion in a blaze. Sir John Thompson was obliged to acknowledge that the preamble to the Act, reciting the settlement with the Jesuits, and reserving it for the pleasure of the Pope, contained matter "not in the best taste"—in other words, matter offensive to the Empire and the nation; but he maintained that the language of the preamble was immaterial, and that to take exception to it would be as foolish as to take exception to the title or a headline; to which the answer was that the preamble was the Act, the Act being nothing but a set of operative words giving effect to the settlement embodied in the preamble. The Prime Minister, who perhaps finds it difficult to understand that anybody can really care about a principle, tried to laugh the matter off by telling the old story of the Jew eating his pork-chop in a thunderstorm, but his wit was ineffective. In contending that the exercise of the veto ought to be confined to cases of legislative *extra vires*, he and his colleagues lay under the disadvantage of having recently vetoed an Act of the Manitoba Legislature chartering a local railway, which was as clearly *intra vires* as anything could possibly be, on alleged grounds of Dominion policy, because it infringed on the

monopoly of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

In the division thirteen members only—eight Conservatives and five Liberals—voted for Colonel O'Brien's motion. One hundred and eighty-eight, comprising the leaders and the main body of the Liberal Opposition as well as the main body of the supporters of the Government, voted on the other side. The Catholics, French and Irish, were voting, as in duty bound, for the Jesuits and the Pope. The Liberal Opposition took the ground of Provincial self-government. But it is always bidding against the Government for the Catholic vote, and on this occasion it was specially entangled in two ways. In the first place, the Dominion Government being in the hands of the Conservatives, the Liberals had been embracing the most extreme view of Provincial right. In the second place, they had been holding out a hand for party purposes to French sympathy with the rebellion of the French and Catholic Half-breeds under Riel in the North-West. They had not shrunk from protesting against the execution of Riel on the two grounds that he was insane and that his offence was political; the first of which was believed by no human being, while the recognition of the second would put the lives and property of the community at the mercy of any brigand who chose to pretend that his object was not plunder but anarchy or usurpation.

The vote on the Jesuits' Question was controlled by the Catholic influence, much as the votes on the Home Rule resolutions passed by the Dominion and local Legislatures of Canada had been controlled by the Irish vote, and as similar votes on similar resolutions have been controlled by the Irish vote in the United States.

The managers of the party machines on both sides embraced each other, and fondly hoped that the largeness of the majority had stifled in the birth an agitation about a question of principle disturbing to the regular game, and unwelcome to all who look

for support to the Catholic vote. They have found themselves mistaken. The people have for once broken away, for the time at least, from the party machines. They understand that the objections to the Jesuits' Estates Bill are based, not, as the Minister of Justice says, upon the preamble of the Act or upon anything merely technical, but upon the broad right of the nation, if it be a nation, to forbid the use of public money for the purpose of subverting its civilization and infusing moral poison into its veins. The intention of the framers of the Act, they know, is to have the Pope recognized as lord of the temporalities of a Church which in Quebec is virtually established, levying tithes and other legal imposts; and the determination of the people is that in things temporal the Pope's power shall not be recognized at all. The people know also that the Jesuits' Estates Act is not an isolated measure, but a bold and defiant step in the onward march of ecclesiastical aggression. The agitation, instead of dying out, has given birth to the Equal Rights Association, under the auspices of which a widespread and apparently enthusiastic movement against the endowment of the Jesuits, and against ecclesiastical aggression generally, is now going on. Party in Canada has been strong, as it usually is, in inverse proportion to its reasonableness, and to break its lines at once is very difficult, while the influence of corruption, especially in the form of Government grants for local works, unhappily is very great; yet the machine politicians are having a very bad quarter of an hour.

The Equal Rights Association directs its attention not only to the Jesuits' Estates Act but to the system of separate Catholic schools in Ontario; to the intrusion of the French language and of French ecclesiasticism with it into the public schools of the eastern part of the Province; to the unfair privileges enjoyed by the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec, and to the progress of ecclesiastical aggrandisement and of priestly en-

encroachment on the civil power, which, ever since the Ultramontane and the Jesuit supplanted the Gallican, have been advancing on all sides.

In its opposition to the encroachments of the Roman Catholic Church the Equal Rights Association may be regarded as an organ of a continental movement; for in the United States the people are rousing themselves to action against the same power which, with legions recruited from the ignorant and half-civilized populations of the Old World, is assailing the fundamental principles of Protestant and Anglo-Saxon civilization. At Boston, where the Irish Catholics are now almost a match in numbers for the children of the Puritan, a great fight about the teaching in the public schools, in which the Catholics were defeated, has been followed by the proposal of an amendment in the Constitution of Massachusetts, prohibiting any grants of public money to sectarian institutions. A grant to Catholic charities, though balanced according to the usual policy of the priest-party by a small grant to Protestant charities, has been thrown out by the Legislature of the State of New York, and it seems as if the channel through which the priests have long drawn public money to a large extent would be closed up for the future. In Illinois a similar reaction against the raids of the Catholic vote on the public treasury begins to appear. Another "irrepressible conflict" apparently is at hand, though this time, it may be hoped, the arbiter will be the ballot and not the sword. Nor is the conflict confined to this continent. Mr. Wise's article in this magazine (July, 1889), shows that it is coming in Australia also. It is coming wherever the Church of the past commands a sufficient force of the children of the past to make war upon modern civilization.

The Canadian Equal Rights Association, however, has to fight two foes in one. It is contending against ecclesiastical aggression and against French nationalism at the same time. The Jesuits' Estates Act is an auda-

cious blow struck not only for Ultramontanism against Protestantism and the civil power, but for French nationality under priestly leadership against British ascendancy. "*La Vérité*" is the Ultramontane and Jesuit organ of French Canada. In a recent article that journal says.

For us [the French Canadians], confederation was and is a means, not an end. It is a means of enabling us to dwell in peace with our English neighbours, whilst safeguarding our rights, developing our resources, strengthening us, and making us ready for our national future. Let us say it boldly—the ideal of the French Canadian people is not the ideal of the other races which to-day inhabit the land our fathers subdued for Christian civilization. Our ideal is the formation here, in this corner of earth watered by the blood of our heroes, of a nation which shall perform on this continent the part France has played so long in Europe, and which she might continue to play if she would but resume the Christian traditions violently ruptured at the Revolution of 1789. To do that, it is not theoretically necessary that she should become a monarchy again; but it is necessary that she should return to Christ. Our aspiration is to found a nation which socially shall profess the Catholic faith and speak the French language. That is not and cannot be the aspiration of the other races. To say then that all the groups which constitute confederation are animated by one and the same aspiration, is to utter a sounding phrase without political or historical meaning. For us, the present form of government is not and cannot be the last word of our national existence. It is merely a road towards the goal which we have in view—that is all. Let us accept the present state of things loyally; let us not be aggressive towards our neighbours; let us give them full liberty to pursue their particular ideal. But let us never lose sight of our own national destiny. Rather let us constantly prepare ourselves to fulfil it worthily at the hour decreed by Providence which circumstances shall reveal to us. Our whole history proves that it is not to be a vain dream, a mere Utopia, but the end which the God of nations has marked out for us. We have not been snatched from death a score of times; we have not multiplied with a rapidity truly prodigious; we have not wrought marvels of resistance and of peaceful conquest in the eastern townships and in the border

counties of Ontario; we have not absorbed many of the English and Scotch settlements planted among us in order to break up our homogeneity—we have not put forth all these efforts and seen them crowned with success to go and perish miserably in any all-Canadian arrangement.

This is the frank expression of a sentiment which has been gathering strength and taking shape in the French Province during the last quarter of a century.

In 1880 the Abbé Gingras published an address, in which, after the most rampant assertion of the right of the Church to override the civil power, and of the clergy to interfere in elections, together with a thorough-going proclamation of Mediaevalism, and an unqualified defence of the Inquisition, there comes (p. 43) a notable passage in relation to the political situation of the French Province. The clergy, says the writer, understand the delicate position in which French statesmen have been placed since the conquest, and that practically it is necessary that they should "resign themselves to a policy of conciliation, more or less elastic." But with union and a common understanding the machine of the Provincial Government, though it has inevitably one of its wheels in contact with the Federal Government, may be worked for Catholic purposes. This is the device which every Canadian statesman, "though he may not inscribe it on his banner, lest he should provoke unjust reprisals, ought to engrave on the inmost fold of his heart." The autonomy of French Canada is all, the Federation is nothing. With the autonomy of French Canada it is necessary for the present to be content, but a grander vista is opened when the proper hour shall strike. The leaders, and the soul of the national enterprise, are the clergy.

After the victory of the Jesuits at Ottawa, a grand national festival was held at Quebec on the day of St. John the Baptist, the national saint of French Canada, in the joint honour of Jacques Cartier, the founder of

French Canada, and Brebeuf, the great Jesuit missionary, a monument to whom was unveiled. At the banquet, Mr. Mercier, who is the Nationalist Premier of Quebec, and as the framer of the Jesuits' Estates Act has received a decoration from the Pope, made a speech in which he preached in impressive terms nationalism and national unity. "To-day," he said, "the Red and the Blue [colours of the two old parties in Quebec] should give place to the Tricolour." It is useless to imagine that we will ever cease to be French and Catholic. This monument declares that after a century of separation from our mother country we are still French. More than that, we will remain French and Catholic." Such was the strain of all the speaking and writing on the occasion. A gallant colonel of militia even hinted at a resort to arms. The Papal Zouaves who took part in the ceremony carried side by side with their own flag a flag which in the days of French dominion had been borne in battle against the British. The greetings of the "French Canadian nation" were cabled to the Pope, and the Vatican in return greeted the French Canadian nation.

Mr. Samuel Adams and his Boston confederates were in too great a hurry with their revolution. Canada had been wrested from the French; they should have waited till it had been made English, as with its poor, simple, and illiterate population of sixty thousand it might easily have been. After the revolt of the Colonies, England was compelled practically to foster French nationality, and at the same time to countenance clerical ascendancy, because it was on the influence of the clergy, who were hostile to the Puritans and afterwards to the French Revolution, that she mainly relied for keeping the people faithful to her standard. She gave the French votes, which they of course used to shake off British ascendancy. Thus Wolfe's victory was cancelled. Not only so, but, where France had only a weakly colony, grew up under the

nominal dominion of Great Britain a French nation in a theocratic form. The French multiplied apace, like all races whose standard of living is low, and the digestive forces of British Canada were far too weak to do with the French element what the digestive forces of the United States had done with the French element in Louisiana. Lord Durham saw the danger. He even let fall the warning words, that the day might come when the English in Canada, that they might remain English, would have to cease to be British; in other words, would have to join the main body of the English-speaking race on the continent to save themselves from French domination. He tried to bring about assimilation by means of a legislative union of the two Canadas. The union totally failed; politics became a bitter conflict between the British and French Provinces, which at last brought government to a deadlock.

From that deadlock an escape was sought by Federation, which was thus, in its main motive and essential character, not a measure of union, but a legislative divorce of British from French Canada. The other British Colonies were brought in. But no real union such as constitutes a nation can be said up to this time to have taken place among them. No Nova Scotian or New Brunswicker calls himself a Canadian. A British Columbian scorns the name. The people of these Provinces are citizens in heart only of their own Province. At Ottawa they act as separate interests. Their support is obtained, to form a basis for the party Government, largely by a system of corruption operating mainly through Government grants to local works. As to Quebec, she is a member of Federation in the same sense in which Ireland would be a member of the United Kingdom if it had a Parliament of its own, and at the same time sent delegates to Westminster. She acts in her own separate interests, and by her compact vote levies tribute on the Dominion treasury, her own being in so bad a condition that she has

already betrayed an incipient tendency to repudiation. She has extorted grants for railways and public works to a very large amount. On one occasion her members stayed outside the House haggling with the Government till the bell had rung for a division, when the Government gave way. The Tory party has in the main retained her support, though much less by party sympathy than by the means already described.

In the meantime in Quebec itself clerical domination has been making way. The substitution of Ultramontanism for Gallicanism has exalted the pretensions of the priesthood, and at the same time given an impetus to the movement.<sup>1</sup> Ten years ago it excited the alarm of Sir Alexander Galt, who saw that danger impended not only over the rights and liberties of the Protestants, but over the civil rights and liberties of the Catholic laity, and sounded the note of alarm in his pamphlet on Church and State. Now comes the Jesuit, with what Abbé Gingras calls "the flambeau of the Syllabus" in his hand. Employing the Papal policy of the day, master of the counsels of the Vatican, he prevails over the Gallicans and Moderates, over the Sulpicians who vainly struggle against him for the spiritual possession of Montreal, and becomes master of the Church of Quebec. A cosmopolitan intriguer, fettered by no ties of citizenship or political party, acting solely in the interests of the Church and of his Order, he drives on with an almost reckless speed, and is not content without signalizing his ascendancy by reclaiming his old estates, trampling the rights of the Crown under foot, and at the same time extorting a legislative recognition of the Pope. The Jesuit has always been more cunning than wise. He hurried James the Second along at a pace which

<sup>1</sup> The best source of information on the subject is Mr. Charles Lindsey's "Rome in Canada: the Ultramontane Struggle for Supremacy over the Civil Power." Second edition; Toronto, 1889.



proved fatal, and it is not unlikely that his precipitation may make shipwreck of his enterprise in Quebec.

The Church in Quebec is immensely rich, while the people are poor and the treasury is empty. Besides the tithe, which by a strange anomaly on this continent of religious equality she legally levies, and imposts for *fabrique*, she owns not a little of the most valuable land in the Province, and her wealth is constantly growing by investment, for she is active in the financial as well as in the spiritual field. The devotion of the people is guarded by their illiteracy. Ecclesiastical statistics, compiled under ecclesiastical influence, throw not much light on the subject. The journal of Arthur Buies, "*La Lanterne*", throws more. It gives a letter from a correspondent who, it says, has held high political employment and has lived in a rural district for forty years. This correspondent says that among men of from twenty to forty years of age you will not find one in twenty who can read, or one in fifty who can write. They will tell you that they went to school from seven to fourteen, but that they have forgotten all they learned. This "all"—what was it? We may judge, says the correspondent of "*La Lanterne*", from the fact that the teachers are for the most part young girls taken from the convents because they are too poor to pay their pupils' fees, and with a salary of from ten to twenty louis a year. Those who have passed any time among the *habitants* confirm this statement, and say that the mayor of a town is not always able to write. The school-books, of which a set is before us, appear to be highly ecclesiastical in spirit and in the economy of the knowledge which they are calculated to convey. No wonder that miracles in abundance are performed at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, while they are performed nowhere else upon this northern continent. The antagonism between this civilization and that of British Canada is complete.

The French peasantry of Quebec, if they have little to live on, can live on

little; their Church sedulously preaches early marriage, their women are good mothers, and they multiply apace. Before their increasing number and pressure the British are rapidly disappearing from the Province. In the city of Quebec there are now only about six thousand left. In the eastern townships, once their almost exclusive domain, their numbers are rapidly dwindling, and the Protestant churches are left without worshippers. The Church advances money to the Frenchman to buy the Englishman's farm, which in French hands will become subject to tithe and *fabrique*. The commerce of Montreal is still in Protestant hands, but a Legislature of French Catholics has found its way, by taxing banks and other financial corporations, to the strong-box, just as a Legislature of Celtic Catholics in Ireland would find its way to the strong-box of the Scotch Protestants of Belfast. As matters are now going, the future of the commercial community of Montreal is not free from clouds. If that community has hitherto thought of little but its trade, it will find that without paying attention to questions of public principle trade itself cannot be safe.

The weak point in the case of the opponents of the Jesuits' Estates Act is that two years ago an Act incorporating the Jesuits was allowed to slip through without protest. The explanation is that the Protestant minority in Quebec is so weak and so thoroughly overborne, that it has been sinking into a state of torpid resignation, while the British Province usually takes little notice of anything that is going on in Quebec. The Jesuits' Estates Act seems, however, at last to have aroused the Protestants of Quebec as well as the people of Ontario. Not that it would make any difference with regard to the question of principle if all the Protestants of Quebec, deserting the cause of their own rights and interests, had acquiesced in the Jesuits' Estates Act. The right and duty of the people of the Dominion generally to put a veto on the endowment of



Jesuitism and the recognition of the Pope in legislation would be the same; and it would be equally necessary to uphold the principle that no religious majority in a Province shall have the power to make war on the religion of the minority by endowing propagandism out of the public purse.

The French Revolution for the time estranged Quebec with its clergy from Old France. But the estrangement is now at an end, and France is recognized as the mother country. France on her part welcomes the returning affection of her daughter, and the old relations, saving the political connection, are renewed.

The history of Canada used in the French schools is a history of French Canada alone. Scarcely does it notice the existence of the British Provinces. In a perfectly national spirit it magnifies the victories of the French in Canada over the British, belittles those of the British, and presents the British in an odious light. It accuses the English of wishing to treat French Canada as they treated Ireland, and ascribes the deliverance of the French to their own patriotic efforts, animated by their religious faith, and seconded by fear of the United States which drove England to concession. It is evidently intended to implant in the heart of the young French Canadian allegiance to French Canada as a separate nation, love of France, and antagonism to the British conqueror.

But the aspirations of the French are not confined to the Province of Quebec. "*La Vérité*," as we have seen, boasts that they have conquered the eastern townships of Ontario. Politicians of Ontario styling themselves Liberals, but under the influence of the Catholic vote, have helped to open the gate; the French have not only introduced their language into the schools but their ecclesiastical system into the localities, and resistance to them now comes late. Their advance is probably helped by a Protectionist policy, which, applied to a country like Canada, produces commercial atrophy,

and sends many of the best of our British farmers out of the country, thus making room for the Frenchman, who is content with pea-soup while the Englishman requires beef. But into the North-Eastern States of the Union also the French have passed by hundreds of thousands. There are said to be one hundred and fifty thousand in Massachusetts alone. The French priesthood of Quebec scent a danger to faith from this connection, and "repatriation" has been attempted, it is needless to say, in vain. Apparently the lingual and intellectual unity of the continent, on which the unity of its civilization depends, is in jeopardy from the intrusive growth of a French nation. It will not be saved by the statesmanship of American politicians, whose treatment of the Canadian question vies in feebleness, inconsistency, and vacillation with the treatment of the Irish question by their British counterparts. Thus strangely the struggle between the rival races for ascendancy in the New World, which seemed to have been settled for ever on the Plains of Abraham, is now renewed in a different form.

The ambition of French nationalism is extended to the Canadian North-West, where there is a population of French Half-breeds under clerical rule, the political power of which during the infancy of the settlement has been sufficient to force bilingualism on the Legislature of Manitoba. But in that quarter there is little hope for the Nationalists. The half-bred population does not increase, and if immigration takes place on a large scale it will soon be overwhelmed.

Till now there have been political parties in Quebec, the *Bleus* or Tories and the *Rouges* or Liberals, connected with the Tory and Liberal parties of Ontario, though in a loose way, and, especially in the case of the *Bleus*, with more of interest than of principle in the connection. But now, in the person of Mr. Mercier, a Nationalist and Ultramontane leader, independent of any Dominion party, has arisen. He calls all good Frenchmen to union on

the ground of nationality. "Cessons nos luttes fratricides, unissons-nous." He says it is time that the Blue and the Red should be blended in the Tricolour. Apparently the people answer to his appeal. He has at all events got power into his hands, and seems likely to hold it.

No one can blame the French for their aspirations, which are natural, or for their attachment to their own mother country, which is natural also. An English colony placed in their circumstances would do as they do except that it would not put itself under priestly leadership and rule. But this does not alter the situation. Imperialism in the case of Canada has two things to accomplish. It has to separate this line of Provinces permanently from the English-speaking continent of which they are the northern fringe, and it has to fuse British Canada and New France into a nation. What chance is there of thus fusing a French Ultramontane theocracy with a community of British Protestants? If, as "La Vérité" says, the ideal of the French Canadian people is not the ideal of the British Canadian, and he is making towards a totally different goal, how is it possible that the two elements should really become partners in the foundation and development of a nation? Where, it may further be asked, is the use of constraining them to make the attempt? What is gained for Canada, for the mother country, or for humanity, by thus forcing or bribing two antagonistic civilizations to remain in quarrelsome wedlock within the same political pale?

The conflict was sure to come, and it has come. On what field battle will be joined it is not easy to say. The Government, while its organs challenge the people to try the question in the courts of law, itself bars access to the Supreme Court, and has even had recourse in Parliament to most questionable strategy for that purpose. The Equal Rights Association is to have an interview in a few days with the Governor-General, but the Governor-General is a Constitutional puppet

in the hands of his Ministers, with whom, moreover, his own sympathies as an extreme Tory are known to be, and nobody expects the interview to have any practical result. Its chief fruit will probably be exhortations to peace, which, is an excellent thing, but cannot be permanently established without justice. The only lists apparently open for the combatants are the courts of Quebec, in which the Jesuits have brought a libel suit against "The Toronto Mail" for admitting to its columns a document called the Jesuits' Oath. Out of this suit appeals may arise which will bring the question of principle with regard to the incorporation of the Jesuits before superior and impartial courts. The verdict of a Quebec jury in such a case could obviously settle nothing. It would be the verdict of the Jesuits themselves.

In the meantime reflections suggest themselves.

1. Imperial Federationists must surely be sanguine if they think that the difficulty of this French nationality will disappear in Federation. To the French Canadians Imperial Federation or anything that would tighten the tie to Great Britain is an object of abhorrence. They were at first disposed to give the present Governor-General a cool reception because they had been told that he was an Imperial Federationist. In a war with France the hearts of the French Canadians, if not their arms, would be on the enemy's side. Distance is not the greatest of obstacles with which the Federationists have to contend. Australia is inhabited by a single race, and lies in an ocean by herself. How can the same treatment be applied to her and to Canada, divided as she is between two rival races, and at the same time joined to a great continent inhabited by the kinsmen of one of them?

2. Reformers who propose to cut the United Kingdom in pieces and pass it through the wonder-working caldron of Federation will perhaps hesitate for the future to appeal to the triumphant success of Federation in Canada as a proof of the safeness of their

experiment: not that there would be the slightest analogy in any respect between a union of the North American Colonies under Imperial tutelage and a dissolution of the legislative unity of the British Islands.

3. Those who think that nothing is easier than the creation and operation of a federal union, no matter what the materials may be, or what may be the prevailing tendencies at the time of federation, have also a lesson here set before them. British and French Canada were divided from each other by race and religion; but there was not on the part of the French Canadians towards British Canada anything like the active hatred which has been stirred up among the Irish towards Great Britain. The circumstances in which a political arrangement is made, and the tendencies prevailing at the time of its introduction, require consideration at the hands of statesmen as well as the arrangement itself.

4. We have an inkling in the case of Quebec of the treatment which a Protestant minority would receive at the hands of a Roman Catholic and Celtic Legislature in Ireland. The Jesuits' Estates Act endows out of the public funds, to which Protestants as taxpayers contribute, not only a religious body opposed to Protestantism, but a Society the special and avowed object of which is to destroy Protestantism and to subvert Protestant institutions, as well as to put civil rights and liberties under the feet of the Pope.

5. The fourth reflection is one to which the attention of British Home Rulers is specially called. Their instrument for keeping an Irish Parliament in the traces, and preventing divisions of Legislatures from being followed by dissolution of national unity, is an Imperial veto on Irish legislation. Now this very expedient was tried by the framers of Canadian Confederation. The veto given to the Dominion Government upon Provincial legislation is perfectly general, no limitation of any kind being suggested by

the British North America Act; nor can there be any doubt that it was intended to keep the action of the local Legislature in harmony with the general policy of the country, and at the same time to protect minorities of race and religion in the several Provinces. That such was understood to be its object plainly appears from the debates on Confederation in the Canadian Legislature. Mr. Mackenzie, afterwards Premier of the Dominion, advertent to the possibility of injustice being done by a Provincial majority of race, said, "I admit that it is reasonable and just to insert a provision in the scheme that will put it out of the power of any party to act unjustly. If the power that the central authority is to have of vetoing the doings of the local Legislature is used, it will be ample, I think, to prevent anything of that kind." "The want of such a power", Mr. Mackenzie observed, "was a great source of weakness in the United States, and it was a want that would be remedied in the Constitution before very long." The disruption of the American Union by Southern secession was vividly present to the minds of the architects of Canadian Federation, and led them to fear and avoid above all things weakness in the central power. Mr., afterwards Sir John, Rose said, "Now, Sir, I believe this power of negative, this power of veto, this controlling power on the part of the Central Government, is the best protection and safeguard of the system; and if it had not been provided, I would have felt it very difficult to reconcile it to my sense of duty to vote for the resolutions." Opponents of the measure, such as Mr. Dorion and Mr. Joly, in criticizing it took the same view of the power of veto.

One of the ablest and most eminent among the fathers of Confederation was Sir Alexander Galt. Everything relating to the framing of the Constitution was fresh in memory when, in 1876, Sir Alexander published the pamphlet on Church and State, already mentioned, as a warning blast

against the danger with which the civil rights of Protestants and of the laity generally were threatened by ecclesiastical encroachment in Quebec. With regard to the veto he says :

The veto by the Federal Government is the real palladium of our Protestant liberties in Lower Canada. I have already shown that our educational rights are only safe under its shelter, and that our representation guarantee will, some day, "dissolve into thin air" without its exercise. Let me now point out that in the firm but moderate use of this vast power safety may yet be found from the undue encroachments to which both Protestants and Catholics are exposed. But it is negative only, and if the opportunity for its exercise be lost, it is impotent to remedy the evil.

Now mark the result. The Jesuits' Estates Act, by which Protestantism and Civil Right are compelled by an Ultramontane majority to pay for their own subversion, is about as clear and as strong a case as could have been devised for exercising this "vast power" and invoking the protection of this palladium. What follows? The grand safeguard totally fails. Both the political parties alike, in dread of the Catholic vote, shrink from the application of the veto. Not only so, but they in effect give up the political veto altogether. They proclaim that the veto cannot without violating the principle of self-government be exercised except in cases where the Provincial Legislature has exceeded the legal jurisdiction, and when the veto in fact would be superfluous, since the Act would be declared void by a court of law. "Quebec must be allowed to do what she likes with her own." She is at liberty to tax her Protestants if she pleases for the destruction of their own religion. So much for the "vast power", the grand "guarantee", and the "real palladium"!

Would not the very same thing take place so soon as the Irish Parliament did anything calling for the exercise

of the Imperial veto, either in the way of oppression of the Protestant minority or of departure from the policy of the Empire? Would not British parties, dreading the Irish and each other, shrink, as Canadian parties have shrunk, from the use of the power, and under the name of respect for self-government allow timid counsels to prevail? There can be little doubt as to the answer to that question if the party system continues to exist, especially as the Irish vote in Great Britain is large and would of course be arrayed on the Home Rule side. The veto power would prove a nullity, and the separation of Ireland from Great Britain would be virtually complete.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

*P.S. August 2nd.*—The reception of the petitions against the Jesuits' Estates Act by the Governor-General has now taken place at Quebec. The result was what it was sure to be. His Excellency repeated in substance the speech of the Roman Catholic Minister of Justice, Sir John Thompson, including the somewhat hazardous assertion that the Jesuits in the nineteenth century have always been loyal and quiet citizens. The people might as well have presented their petitions to Apis as to a Governor-General bound to act and speak as he is directed by his constitutional advisers. Apis indeed would have been neutral, whereas His Excellency's personal sympathies have not been concealed. This interview has settled nothing. It was confidently reported that the opinion of the British Law Officers had been taken. This would not have settled much either, even as to the purely legal question which is the least part of the matter. The people would hardly have been satisfied without the judgment of their own Supreme Court.

G. S.

